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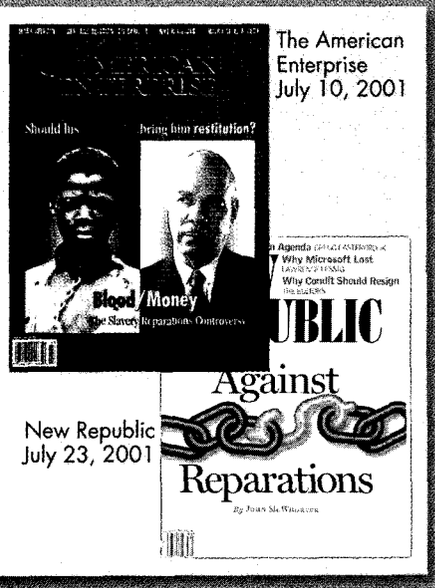

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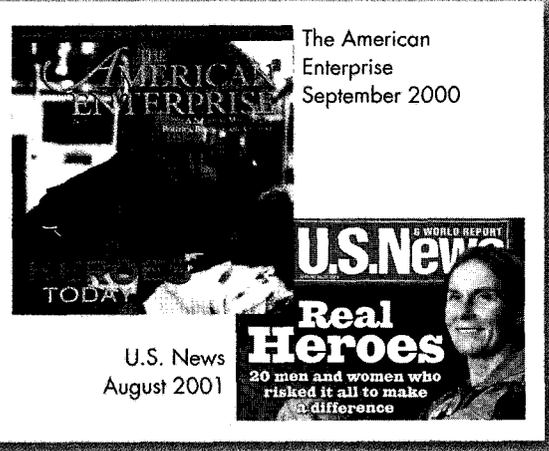

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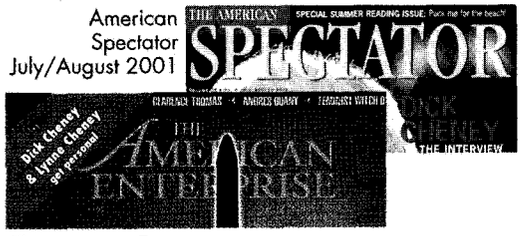

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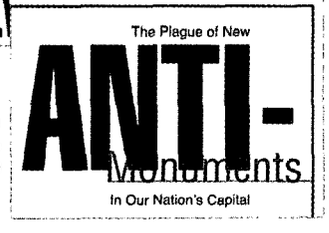

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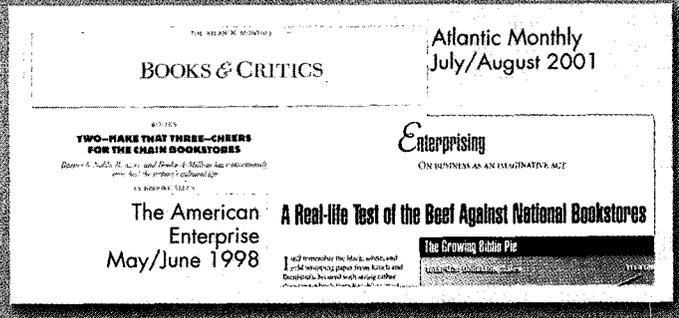

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THE AMERICAN ENTERPRISE
POLITICS, BUSINESS, AND CULTURE

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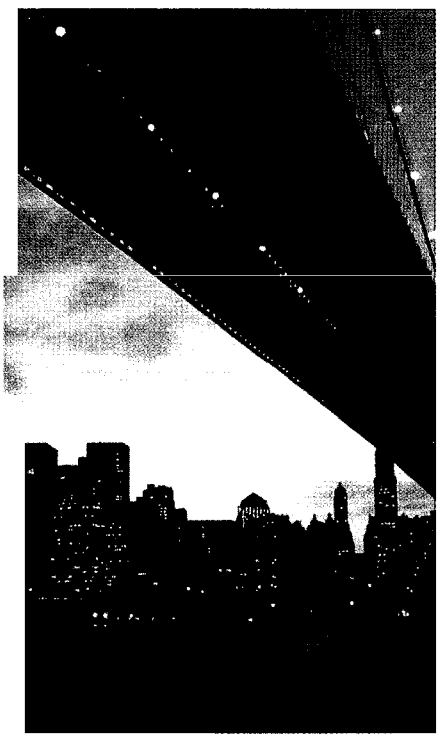

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POLITICS, BUSINESS, AND CULTURE

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Bird's Eye

Karl Zinsmeister

The Insufferable Wonder

While researching this issue of *The American Enterprise* I spent much of one day walking across the South Bronx. (Never let it be said that editor of a magazine is a cushy job; I ended up with blisters on both feet the size of quarters!) When I was passing through New York City frequently in the late 1970s and early 1980s on my way to and from college, the South Bronx was, literally, a war zone. There were famous police-escorted visits by Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan, who stepped from their limos to peer at burned-out buildings and pronounce the scene reminiscent of a bombed cityscape after World War II. Over a period of a decade or two the area was abandoned by 300,000 residents.

To vigorously test the "New York Is Back" argument right at the grassroots, I decided to go to those same streetcorners in the Bronx and assess the flora and fauna. I visited Hunt's Point, where on some blocks residents had a 19-out-of-20 chance of dying something other than a natural death. I went to "Fort Apache," an area made synonymous with urban predation by a movie of the same name. I passed Croton Park, "hypodermic heaven." I strolled Charlotte Street, where President Carter put on his most horrified face for the TV cameras as he scanned the remains of 40,000 arson fires set over a four-year period. I walked Melrose—the section in which Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities* protagonist Sherman McCoy feels his life at risk after pulling his black Mercedes off the expressway at the "wrong" exit.

I'm here to tell you that the Manhattan miracle is nothing compared to the rebound that has taken place in the South Bronx in recent years. None of the neighborhoods I strolled are going to be hosting an H&M boutique any time soon; they're still gritty blocks populated almost entirely by Hispanics, blacks, and a few Asians, and there are still plenty of areas where wise passersby need to put on their head-down-don't-mess-with-me visage if they want to sidestep trouble. But these are now mostly liveable districts, full of decent, inexpensive private housing, many of them one- and two-family units with driveways and patches of lawn and flowers. There are scores of churches, particularly Hispanic Pentecostal congregations, large Catholic sanctuaries, and independent Gospel storefronts. Plus numerous small shops, even a fair sprinkling of national drugstore, clothing, restaurant, and home improvement retailers.

This ain't the Adirondacks; all the ground-level windows have bars on them. But the public areas are basically safe, free of loitering thugs, ungraffitied, and non-menacing. Young women clutching handbags, sporting jewelry, and wearing entry-level fur coats ride the #6 subway train and walk along Southern Boulevard and other streets throughout the South Bronx. The local population has flipped from underclass and criminal to low-income working class, including lots of immigrants.

It's a truly epic turnaround, much more dramatic and harder to pull off than anything achieved in Times Square and other show places, and it illustrates a resilience and dynamism in New York City that one has to admire. During many days of walking across the outer boroughs and Manhattan, I encountered scores of other hotspots

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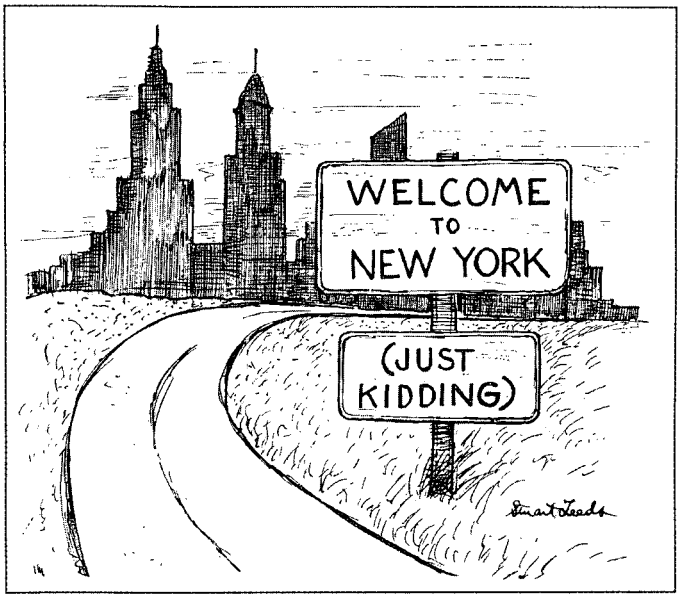
where remarkable revivals have been accomplished. Booming new Asian neighborhoods in Queens; bustling Greenpoint and Bay Ridge in Brooklyn, where suppression of street crime has allowed older white neighborhoods to blossom again; Russified districts in the same borough which are humming with a new respectability; baby-strollered neighborhoods where orthodox Jews have rescued long strings of brownstones from decay; black neighborhoods (like Harlem) in which stores are blooming amidst what was, for at least two generations, a retail desert. Many U.S. cities have renewed a handful of downtown blocks; New York has gone much further toward a general rejuvenation.

"We have more lives than a cat," grinned former mayor Ed Koch when I commented on this in his office. There does truly seem to be something indomitable about the city. On several occasions over the last century, New York City has slid right to the brink of financial ruin and social collapse. Each time it has pulled back from the abyss. Despite often-miserable leadership and constant self-inflicted wounds, New York has demonstrated a remarkable, repeated ability to heal, to recover from external blows, to reinvent itself and revive as an economic and cultural center, just a few blinks after all seemed black.

Having conquered the criminal chaos and financial insolvency of the last decade, recovering from the homicidal attacks of al-Qaeda will in many ways be much simpler.

"There is a special fitness in the first syllable of New York's name," wrote Boston historian Charles Eliot Norton a century ago, "for it is essentially New, and seems likely always to remain so." This city, he suggested, "will be alive" always. There exists in New York a kind of animal spirit which has kept the place a capital of human achievement for many generations. While suffering most of the same afflictions and cultural insanities which impair places like Detroit and Philadelphia (not to mention Rotterdam, Berlin, and other old cities across the globe), New York retains a vigor unseen almost anywhere else. Somehow it keeps churning and chugging even against the most destructive social tides.

This is emphatically not to say that New York City is unsinkable. Indeed, the city has nearly gone to the bottom twice within easy memory: once when the accumulated idiocies of its '60s-era decisions bankrupted it 25 years ago; once when crime and mismanagement brought the city to the edge of race war and economic shutdown in the early 1990s. Even today, warns Stephen Malanga of the Manhattan Institute, "you have to say New York City 'thrives' in quotes." Back in the 1950s, 140 of America's 500 biggest corporations were headquartered in the Big Apple; today only 33 are. Since the 1960s, Malanga notes, American employment has doubled, yet New York City has not added any net new jobs. He cites calculations showing that if New York's tax and regulatory climate were more like the average northeastern city's, it would have 1 million more jobs, and



much greater wealth, than it actually enjoys today.

New Yorkers are very fortunate that when their city took its latest swoon in the early '90s, Rudy Giuliani appeared on the scene; without him, New York might have self-destructed in some lasting ways. In the period leading up to Giuliani's inauguration on January 1, 1994, the city experienced more than 2,000 murders, nearly 200,000 lost jobs, and a 3-million-person decline in tourist visits *in a single year*. Lifelong resident and local professor Fred Siegel remembers the kind of incidents New York City was notorious for at that time: "A crowd in Washington Heights cheered when a heavy bucket hurled off a roof fatally struck a young housing cop working to clear double-parked cars so that fire engines could get through. Then there was the week of violence in Jamaica, Queens, when marauding 'kids' smashed windows and looted displays in a shopping area once hailed as a haven for the black middle class. New York City businesses and residents were racing for the exits in what seemed like an evacuation. Had David Dinkins been re-elected, the flight from fear would have become a flood, and New York could have gone over the ledge." (The evolution of politics in New York City is traced by Siegel in an engaging story starting on page 28 of this issue.)

What a difference a few years of dramatically different principles can make. Under Rudy Giuliani, homicides were reduced by 65 percent (translation: 1,500 fewer dead bodies on sidewalks each year). Overall crime was chopped down 57 percent.

Thanks to the welfare reform passed by the new Republican U.S. Congress, Giuliani also oversaw a 53 percent reduction in New York's welfare rolls (from well over a million recipients to just half a million). Most of those people now get out of bed in the morning, go to work, and pay taxes.

Giuliani trimmed or eliminated 23 different taxes, and lowered the city's personal income tax rate by 21 percent. His budgets climbed by an average of just 2.9 percent per year. While he hired 12 percent more cops and 13 percent more teachers, other city

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employees fell from 117,494 to 97,338. He privatized WNYC-TV, management of Central Park, and other municipal properties. He sold off tens of thousands of city-owned buildings.

Having survived another near-death experience, New York City roared back with stupendous strength. Just before September 11, the city's employment was at its highest level in more than three decades. And as Giuliani left office, New York was at its peak population *ever*.

Despite constant self-inflicted wounds, New York City has demonstrated a repeated ability to heal and revive itself as a center of human achievement.

In spite of the monumental accomplishments of Mayor Giuliani (all wrought against fierce resistance from opponents within the city), it was not actually his administration, or even government at all, that brought New York back from the brink. What Giuliani did was to right a number of egregious governmental wrongs (dismal public security, negative economic incentives, counterproductive programs and regulations), then get out of the way. Bloated as it is, New York City's budget of $40 billion per year is only a drop in the bucket next to the city's $400 billion private economy. It is the power of that $400 billion locomotive, not the impulse of the $40 billion government caboose, that keeps New York rolling.

First and foremost, New York is a commercial city. In fact, with Hong Kong fading, it is once again the world paragon of urban capitalism. "Think of New York as a metaphor for effort," suggests historian David McCullough, "spectacular, unprecedented, often very original effort.... You come here, you do good work, and you will be judged by the work you do. You can find pride, and self-respect, and identity through the work you do." Indeed, being productive and innovative here can make you astonishingly rich.

New York's marvels, points out writer John Steele Gordon, are uniformly products of private enterprise. Virtually all the great museums, many of the monuments, every business and service, and most of the best buildings have been constructed by wealthy citizens or companies. "The glories of London and Paris are paid for by the British nation and the French nation," states Gordon. "The glories of New York are paid for by New Yorkers"—specifically the city's commercial titans.

In New York, as everywhere else in America, it is legions of private actors who bring prosperity. The metro area was propelled forward in the '90s by building owners launching renovations, entrepreneurs starting new firms, big banks and brokerages riding the stock market boom, and pioneering investors in theaters, hotels, and entertainment businesses who wooed tourists. For those private actions to take hold, public safety, sanitation, transport, and order had to be reliable—so the government needed to be restored to basic decency. This Rudy Giuliani and crew did brilliantly. But elected officials and bureaucrats are no more responsible for the renovated homes in Brooklyn, the booming commercial strips of Queens, the little shops burgeoning throughout the South Bronx, or the tourists streaming down Broadway than Apple engineers (who produced my computer) are responsible for writing this essay.

Private New York, $400 billion strong, cleaned *itself* up after Giuliani finally got the ground rules right. And in the places where New York City remains dysfunctional (there are many, like the public schools) it is almost always continuing governmental mismanagement and malfeasance that is to blame. By far the dirtiest and most depressing spot *TAE* associate editor Bill Kauffman and I saw as we hoofed all across Queens was the headquarters of local government, the Queens Borough Hall near Kew Gardens. Its trash-strewn lot and gray, Soviet-like municipal building stuck out like a sore, socialist thumb on the otherwise respectably dressed Queens body.

The thing that makes New York City so maddening is its simultaneous display of much that is great and much that is contemptible. This double-edged attractive and repulsive quality has always been present. Around the turn of the century, poet James Weldon Johnson suggested that "New York City is the most fatally fascinating thing in America." He compares her to an alluring witch who "sits at the gate of the country...hiding her crooked hands and feet under the folds of her wide garments."

The September 11 attacks blasted away some of New York's unattractive witchiness. For the first time since World War II, American flags now fly everywhere in the city (even, Bill Kauffman notes in his pungent story that starts on page 20, at left-wing redoubts like the offices of the *Village Voice* newspaper). In addition, "God has made a comeback," as former mayor Ed Koch puts it in classic New York-ese. And it will surely be a while before we see a return of Manhattan's old knee-jerk contempt for cops and blue-collar hardhats (brutalizers and Neanderthals, respectively, in traditional upper east side worldview).

Koch, a loyal Democrat who calls himself "a liberal, with sanity" represents many New Yorkers in the epiphany he has experienced since the World Trade towers went down. "I'm very happy that George Bush is President," he told me in March. "I didn't vote for him, but if he were running tomorrow, I would. Because I do agree with him that terrorism is the #1 issue today, and that you have to stand up not only to the terrorists but to the countries that harbor them. He is doing that. I don't believe Al Gore would have done it as actively and aggressively as President Bush is. I applaud what the President has done."

"The distance across the Hudson River to the American mainland closed dramatically on September 11," suggests *Wall Street Journal* editorialist John Fund over a plate of soup. The question is, How long can we expect that cultural gulf to remain bridged? There is reason to believe that, at least among New York's incorri-

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gible left-wing, the moment of reasonableness and sanity lasted only an instant. Many of the sprung girders of reflexive liberalism quickly snapped back to their customary positions.

What often amuses, and periodically sickens, other Americans about New York City is its appalling political hypocrisy.

Christopher Hitchens, himself a man of the Left but also a wonderfully clear thinker, described his disheartening experiences before a large audience of liberal New Yorkers less than a month after 9/11. He was appearing at New York's Lincoln Center on October 6, as part of a panel with Oliver Stone and Bell Hooks, radical filmmaker and radical poet respectively. Hooks informed her listeners that "state terrorism" is nothing new in America—just think of the black church that was bombed in Birmingham, Alabama in 1963. Stone, for his part, characterized the al-Qaeda attacks as a "revolt" greeted by popular enthusiasm, much like the French Revolution.

Remarkably, at least half the Manhattan audience, Hitchens reports, supported these wacky propositions. As he summarizes: "Three weeks after a mass murder had devastated the downtown district, and at a moment when the miasma from the site could still be felt and smelled, a ticket-buying audience of liberal New Yorkers awarded blame more or less evenhandedly between the members of al-Qaeda and the directors of U.S. foreign policy." So much for patriotism and unity.

The truth is, New York City has always been the least patriotic place in America. This was true right from the days of Peter Stuyvesant. When four English frigates arrived off Staten Island in August 1664, the merchants then operating in lower Manhattan urged the governor simply to surrender, because that would be less dangerous and far better for business. No one lifted a finger against the invaders.

During the American Revolution, New York City was the supreme center for colonists loyal to King George, and throughout the war remained the principal base for British military operations in North America. Several thousand Tory troops were raised in New York City, and detailed to attack patriotic forces. Local merchants and farmers supplied and traded with the British, and throughout the Revolution the city's taverns, restaurants, brothels, dressmakers, bowling alleys, and theaters did a booming business. At the end of the war in 1783, an estimated 100,000 New York Tories, including most of the leading merchants and landowners in the city, who had overwhelmingly opposed independence, decamped with the British army.

This ignominious record continued during the Civil War. For a while, leading New York City politicians and traders actually bandied about the possibility of seceding from the Union. These initial Southern sympathies were built mostly on the interests of New York's merchant elite in the cotton trade. In the early 1860s, New York developed into a broader center of opposition to the war, and compiled an ugly record of shoddy goods, insider trading, and price-gouging while provisioning the Union troops.

Then in 1863, ferocious riots broke out among New Yorkers resisting the draft into the Northern army. "Jefferson Davis rules New York tonight," wrote a local commentator. Looting, burning, and racial marauding followed; blacks were hunted down as scapegoats, beaten, and killed. At the end of a horrendous week-long disturbance, 119 people were dead, and property damage totaled in the millions of dollars. The insurrection was finally stopped only by force-marching exhausted Northern troops who had survived the Battle of Gettysburg (which took place just days before) into the city. With the blood of other brave fighting men still fresh on their uniforms, the soldiers put an end to this shameful treachery.

Curious about the military service of New Yorkers today, *TAE* tracked down the data documenting 2001 recruitments into the U.S. armed forces. They show New York City contributing members to our military at about two thirds of the national rate. And among the five boroughs, Manhattan is by far the lowest, offering up its sons to the cause of national defense at a rate dramatically below the U.S. average.

New York City has, of course, always been a hothouse for persons disaffected from American norms. In his 1966 account of his run for mayor, Bill Buckley described the upper east side precinct favored by Manhattan's movers and shakers as "probably the most fabled in the U.S. It shelters not only just about all the residences of the financial, social, and artistic elite of New York but also the densest national concentration of vegetarians, pacifists, hermaphrodites, junkies, Communists, Randites, clam-juice-and-betel-nut eaters" and other exotic specimens. Artist Thomas Hart Benton, who lived in New York for 21 years, warned that "people of extreme views, both radical and conservative, dominate the city's intellectual life."

I would identify two things as particularly marking today's New York City elite. One is a disdain for the judgment and instincts of everyday people (thus the need for an enlightened class to govern them and manage their lives). The second is a universal horror against moral suasion. New York City has long been ruled by a strange and unholy alliance of political leftists and big businessmen (Mayor Mike Bloomberg being today's perfect embodiment). The common thread, I suggest, is the uniting of amoral liberalism with amoral capitalism—allied together against the traditional American mix of individualism and religion.

New York has always had a political and sociological structure quite unlike any other part of the United States. One factor is the city's taste for European ideas (linked to the constant, centuries-long flow of new arrivals from that continent, importing its enthusiasms in fresh spasms). Only in New York City, for instance, did socialism ever develop a large following in Amer-

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ica. That's why the New Deal lived on as an ideal and aspiration in New York City far longer than it did in the rest of the country.

Today's city is essentially a one-party principality. Democrats outnumber Republicans in voter registration by more than five to one (2,748,538 to 523,761). The City Council typically counts just five or six Republicans among its 51 members, and the new councilors taking office in 2002 are more left-wing than ever before. The Manhattan Institute's Malanga calculates that 60 percent of the new councilors come from backgrounds in government, the welfare and social service industry, or political activist groups.

Of voters in New York City's 2001 Democratic primary, Malanga reports, only 38 percent worked in the private sector. And according to exit polls, the government workers who dominated the 2001 election strongly favor greater public spending and state regulation. That's why New York's local tax burden is by far the highest in the nation ($7.99 per $100 of taxable income, compared to an average of $4.46 per $100 in America's ten largest cities). New York's primacy as a commercial and capitalist center isn't much reflected in its local politics.

And statism is the least of New York's political sins. Michelangelo Signorile, a prominent New York City columnist, published the following commentary in the *New York Press* a few months after September 11:

> The *Times* ran an article the other day about how people, particularly those with children, may now be abandoning Manhattan.... All I have to say to these people is: Do you need some help packing up your things...? It was the arrival of the slew of high-income family types, riding in on the booming '90s economy and the Giuliani quality-of-life campaign, that made Manhattan a bit duller.... They brought with them their bazillion baby strollers and assorted paraphernalia, clogging elevators, streets, and grocery stores. More so, they brought with them an age-old culture that elevates children and families to the sacred...I am talking about the privileging of family that is prevalent in much of American culture.... Resistance to offering that kind of privilege was one of the many things that always separated New York from the rest of America.... I think life will be much better without [these families].... Enjoy Stamford, suckers!

There is a deep vein of this type of thinking in New York City. Victor Gotbaum is former head of the city's largest union for municipal workers; his wife Betsy is the new Public Advocate—a powerful city-wide elected position that puts her in line to become mayor. A few years ago Mr. Gotbaum loudly denounced people who are "enamored of middle-class, two-parent families with children who don't have sex," and insisted that "middle-class values [are] contrary to the environment and lives of [New York City's] students."

There is an old saying in New York that "the longest journey in the world is from Brooklyn to Manhattan." In this usage, Brooklyn represents the normality of everyday family and neighborhood life, while Manhattan represents...well, Manhattan, the land of hermaphrodites and betel-nut eaters. At one point when I was questioning Steven Malanga, one of the most piercing observers of New York among the many I interviewed, I made a reference to simple common sense. He broke in immediately: "There *is* no common sense in New York." Way back in the 1930s, Tom Benton complained that "you can't sidle up to a bar without having somebody...deliver you a body of principles.... The place has gone completely verbal, and people are getting the idea that if they can make a sentence...they have demonstrated a truth."

What often amuses, and periodically sickens, other Americans about New York City liberalism is its appalling hypocrisy. For example, almost all of the advocates who lay down in the streets to prevent reform of the local public schools and their unions, or vouchers to break up their monopoly, send their *own* children to private academies (if they have children at all). The Public Defenders and limousine leftists who vehemently demand the release of murderers and dope dealers they characterize as "political prisoners" almost all live behind the private stockades of doorman-patrolled, alarmed, and privately guarded apartments. Rarely do the lords of liberalism darken the doors of the subways (certainly not north of 116th Street, or east of Brooklyn Heights), though they call Giuliani and company fascists for expelling the graffiti makers and thugs who used to set the tone underground. The activists trying to handcuff the NYPD at every turn have never had to wrestle in a street gutter with some PCP-fired maniac, as officers do, yet they will howl at the 911 operator should it be *their* skylight that the maniac decides to chop open and enter.

Just juxtapose the ads and the articles in any copy of the *New York Times Magazine* these days and you have a perfect distillation of the ugly fakeries of New York City radicalism. Jaded half-clothed models, and primers on $600 handbags and $18 organic soap bars, surround stories demanding that mentally ill homeless men be allowed to run free on city streets (where they can terrorize the nannies and cleaning ladies of the liberal master class). Is there an ecosystem anywhere with a higher quotient of foolishness, phony principle, and slavish trendiness?

Pure Manhattan. Utterly insufferable. Now and forever.

ANOTHER *TAE* UPGRADE

We are pleased to announce that, starting with our next issue, Grover Norquist is transferring his long-running column of political analysis from *The American Spectator* to *The American Enterprise*. Grover will strengthen, in a delightful way, our coverage of inside-Washington politics.

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Sidelights

A Texas high school's performance of an anti-violence play was cancelled after fighting broke out among some of the 500 students in attendance. ❧ According to its Web site, the California branch of the radical Latino group Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlan (MEChA) is concerned that "Jews make up only about 2 percent of the state's population yet they dominate the state's academic institutions. Also, the two U.S. Senators of California are ladies of Jewish descent." ⋯ The Los Angeles school district halted distribution of the book *The Meaning of the Holy Quran* because its foreword calls Jews illiterates who reject knowledge. The Omar Ibn Al Khattab Foundation had donated nearly 300 copies of the book. "We're going to talk to the foundation members and determine exactly why the commentary's there and whether there is research to support it," said **Jim Konantz**, a district official. ❧ Referring to **David Letterman**'s and **Jay Leno**'s American flag lapel pins, *San Francisco Chronicle* TV critic **John Carman** carped, "The pins have to come off sometime, if only because in another year or two, they will reclaim their original meaning: I am a conservative Republican, and more American than you." ❧ 2,000 residents of Zamboanga in the Philippines attended a rally to support America's efforts to fight terrorism in their country. "Americans should stay. Forever," said one 72-year-old attendee. "They are like angels that have come from heaven, to save Filipinos." ⋯ **Jose Mari Bue**, business editor of the *Zamboanga Daily Times*, had harsh words for those Filipinos who protest the U.S. presence in the Philippines: "We challenge those who say that we don't need the American soldiers to go to Basilan and fight the Abu Sayyaf themselves. If they cannot or if they have no guts to take our challenge, then just shut up…"

In a speech marking "Jerusalem Day," former Iranian president **Hashemi Rafsanjani** said that as soon as the Islamic world has nuclear weapons "the strategy of the West will hit a dead end, since a single atomic bomb has the power to completely destroy Israel, while an Israeli counterstrike can only cause partial damage to the Islamic world." ❧ While visiting Israel, Czech prime minister **Milos Zeman** observed, "You cannot negotiate with terrorists because the single response of terrorists for fulfilling their demands is blackmail—new demands, nothing more." ⋯ Russian foreign minister **Igor Ivanov** said his nation would not pull out of the U.S. coalition against terror: "Participation in this coalition is not some present or gift to give to someone, but in our own interests." ❧ Israel has seen a 75 percent increase in requests for weapon permits over the last year. According to the Interior Ministry, there were 7,790 requests for permits in 2001, compared to 4,417 in 2000. ⋯ On February 22, an Israeli woman shopping in a supermarket saw a Palestinian man preparing to detonate an explosive device. She prevented tragedy by shooting him twice in the head. ❧ In light of the conflict in Afghanistan, the Afghan Hound Club of America briefly considered changing the name of its favorite dog breed. ❧ **Angelica** and **Tony Flores** of Arizona were jailed for violating a code requiring Christmas decorations to be removed within 19 days after the holiday. ❧ A Texas judge ruled that accused child molester **Marcus Alexander** would be allowed to dress as a woman during his trial.

Massachusetts' highest court ruled that people may practice sodomy in public places such as parking lots, parks, and beaches without fear of prosecution so long as they cannot be seen by others. ⋯ The United States Students Association is pushing for single-stall "gender neutral" restrooms in America's colleges and universities to accommodate transgendered students. ❧ In one week, over 45 speakers from the Bay Area's gay community spoke to students at the Park Day elementary school in Oakland. ❧ Convicted murderer **David Wild** is suing the government of British Columbia for $3.1 million. He claims the prison policy of nightly headcounts disturbs his sleep.

—BB

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RENO'S IDEA OF A THREAT

Janet Reno is the Democratic Party's nominee for governor of Florida. In this race, her order that heavily armed paramilitary agents snatch Elian Gonzalez at gunpoint from his Miami relatives may turn out to be an albatross. But there are other ugly events hanging around her neck as well. Consider her priorities back in the spring of 1993.

On February 26, a rented Ford Econoline van loaded with 1,500 pounds of homemade explosives pulled into the parking garage under the World Trade Center. Eyad Ismoil, a 21-year-old Palestinian, was the driver. The bomb went off at 12:18 p.m., blasting a five-floor deep crater into the garage. The explosion crippled the Twin Towers: no lights, no heat, no elevators, no fire alarms, no sprinklers, no public address system, no power to the police and fire command stations. Within three minutes, smoke had reached the 33rd floor. The massive blast displaced 6,800 tons of material and flooded the World Trade complex with 2 million gallons of water and sewage. The body count: six dead and more than 1,000 injured. Ismoil and company had aimed to kill 35,000 by bringing the tower down.

That same day in Washington, Janet Reno was focused on the failure of an obscure religious community in Texas to obtain gun permits.

Two days later, while New Yorkers were still digging for bodies, Reno and her agents dispatched National Guard helicopters to raid the Branch Davidians in Waco. Their crime? Illegal possession of firearms.

After seven weeks of slipshod negotiating and bizarre strategies like depriving the Davidians of sleep by blasting recordings of the screams of rabbits being slaughtered, Attorney General Reno finalized her plan for a raid using Army Special Forces advisers, heavy weapons, and CS gas. Bill Clinton signed off on it. At 6:02 a.m. on April 19 tanks began ramming holes into the compound and spraying gas. By the end of the day, amid an assault by tanks, planes, flame-throwers, and snipers, 74 men, women, and children had been burned to death in a firestorm. This included 12 children younger than five years of age.

Janet Reno, in short, executed the largest law enforcement killing of civilians in U.S. history. None of the victims had ever bombed an American building, or attacked anyone.

Why Reno's misplaced focus at the very moment when the seriousness of Islamic foreign terror had just become thunderingly clear? Because for the Left, few things are as scary and unacceptable as a rural gang of armed religious white males. When it came to foreign terrorists, Reno and Clinton always seemed to have another pardon to grant, another pain to feel. President Clinton never visited the WTC site. He and Reno actually discouraged Americans from "overreacting" to the bombing.

Janet Reno's Justice Department, which attacked religious dissidents in Texas and right-wing Cuban exiles in Miami with a vengeance, didn't find bloodthirsty terror important enough to act against. The information which recently led President Bush to shut down Middle East "charities" that paid annuities to the families of suicide bombers was actually recorded by Janet Reno's FBI back in 1993. Yet during her watch, FBI agents were prevented from opening either criminal or national security cases—because that would have involved "profiling" Arabs.

America wasted eight years under Janet Reno and her boss by not going after the real nuts in the world. Will Floridians want to hand her the levers of power again?

—TAE *contributing writer* **Ralph Reiland** *is the Simon professor at Robert Morris University.*

DAD GETS A HIP REPLACEMENT

Father's Day will be here in a trice, and there is a good chance that the nation's liberal press will take the occasion to deliver another of its periodic batterings of the nuclear family. Consider last year's offering in the *New York Times*.

The paper's homage to dads took the form of three autobiographical essays. The first was by a single father. The second was by a married man who went on and on along the lines of: "In no way, shape, or form am I suggesting that membership in a nuclear family demonstrates moral superiority to those who, through choice or circumstances, have opted for other familial configurations. Far from it. In many cases, nuclear families have retained their monadic status simply because...the children are not strong enough to force one or more par-

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ents to clear out." What that means is not entirely clear, but the general message seems to be that if you have to be a throwback to another era, at least acknowledge that you're dated.

The final essay began with the author learning from his girlfriend of six months that she was, as people used to say, in the family way. "The last thing either of us thought about was marriage," he explains. He is suspicious, he admits, that she might still run off with her ex. She thinks he might leave town on an assignment and never come back. Nonetheless, they decide to have the baby.

This is as close as the *Times* comes to a happy family ending: "While I was watching Harper roll over and sit up and crawl for the first time, his mother and I were also still learning to be a couple. We were testing the boundaries of our worlds, learning what it means to come home." The motto seems to be, Ask not what you can do for your kid; ask what he can do for your relationship. Brings a whole new meaning to fatherhood. Which is presumably what the *Times* editors had in mind.

—**Naomi Schaefer** *is a* TAE *contributing writer.*

CLONING IS CLONING IS CLONING

From remarks by President Bush about human cloning legislation, April 10, 2002:

In the current debate over human cloning, two terms are being used: reproductive cloning and research cloning. Reproductive cloning involves creating a cloned embryo and implanting it into a woman with the goal of creating a child. Research cloning involves the creation of cloned human embryos which are then destroyed to derive stem cells.

I believe all human cloning is wrong, and both forms of cloning ought to be banned, for the following reasons. First, anything other than a total ban on human cloning would contradict the most fundamental principle of medical ethics: that no human life should be exploited or extinguished for the benefit of another.

Secondly, anything other than a total ban on human cloning would be virtually impossible to enforce. Cloned human embryos created for research would be widely available in laboratories and embryo farms. Once cloned embryos were available, implantation would take place. Even strict policing would not prevent this.

Third, even if research cloning were medically effective—the benefits of research cloning are highly speculative—every person would need an embryonic clone of his own, to provide the designer tissues. This would create a massive national market for eggs and egg donors, and exploitation of women's bodies that we cannot and must not allow.

GOOD RIDDANCE TO ANOTHER BIT OF THE '60S

From a recent speech in New York City by TAE *contributing writer Frederick Turner, a professor at the University of Texas, Dallas:*

After Vietnam, America brushed the uncomfortable need for warriors and warrior emotions under the carpet. Our military were treated like an inferior caste, untouchables who did our dirty work and were expected to keep it quiet. Now, with the insane vision still before our eyes of the two great trade towers flaming like gigantic roman candles, and the spiritual shriek of thousands of humans blazing in the pyre, we can no longer hide from ourselves the hells and heavens of war. If we do not recognize the heroism of the soldier, we will again be attacked by those who see our "peacefulness" as cowardice. Only if our idealism burns hotter than that of our enemies will we prevail over them. As Rudyard Kipling put it, speaking of elite disdain for the British "Tommy" (or common soldier) in an earlier era:

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, how's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll—
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll....
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck 'im out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot.

THE FRENCH FINALLY ATTACK

The following story, circulating on the Internet, is accurate, not true:

The clean-up portion of the ground war in Afghanistan heated up yesterday when the Allies revealed plans to airdrop a platoon of crack French existentialist philosophers into the country to destroy the morale of the remaining Taliban zealots by proving the non-existence of God.

Elements from the feared Jean-Paul Sartre Brigade, or "Black Berets," will be parachuted into the combat zones to spread doubt, despondency, and existential anomie among the enemy. Hardened by numerous intellectual battles fought during their long occupation of Paris's Left Bank, their first action will be to establish a number of sidewalk cafés at strategic points near the front lines.

There they will drink coffee and talk animatedly about the absurd nature of life and man's lonely isolation in the universe. They will be accompanied by girlfriends who will spread further dismay by sticking their tongues in the philosophers' ears every five minutes and looking remote and unattainable to everyone else.

Humanitarian agencies have been quick to condemn the operation as inhumane, pointing out that the effects of passive smoking from the Frenchmen's endless Gitanes could wreak a terrible toll on civilians in the area.

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WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

Dr Pepper, the soft drink company, recently produced a special patriotic can sporting the Pledge of Allegiance. But company executives struck the phrase "under God" from the Pledge, in order to present a "unifying message."

BAD IDEA

The Education Reform Act passed recently by Congress and President Bush tripped over political correctness in its failure to fix one longstanding disaster in education law—1975's Individuals with Disabilities Education Act (IDEA). IDEA's goal is noble: to guarantee the right to "a free and appropriate education in the least restrictive environment" for every child no matter what the child's physical, emotional, or mental disability. But in practice this law has made it virtually impossible to remove chronically disruptive and dangerously violent children from the classroom. Special Education classes today contain not only physically handicapped children but also many with vague "learning disabilities." Significant numbers are chronic disrupters, or even dangerous.

A central Florida boy who had repeatedly threatened to kill his assistant principal could only be suspended for a maximum of ten days. School officials in Orange County, California could not remove a child who hits, kicks, and bites his teachers and classmates; a federal court ruled that school officials must honor the demand of the child's father that he stay in class. A North Carolina student broke her teacher's arm—and could only be suspended for two days. An Oklahoma City student stabbed a principal with a nail and was suspended for three days.

The House of Representatives voted a year ago to give school systems more authority to remove violent youngsters from school and provide lessons at home. The Senate added a similar amendment to the Education Reform bill but conferees, kneeling before the wishes of disability-rights proponents, caved in and removed it. As a result, parents can block many efforts to move or reassign a violent or disruptive child.

Thanks to Congress' surrender to interest-group pressure, public schools are caught in an absurd dilemma: They have no authority to ensure a safe and productive learning environment. But they may be held liable for failing to do so.

—**Tait Trussell** *is a contributor to the* Orlando Sentinel.

RED CROSS BLACKENED

The Orange County, California chapter of the American Red Cross canceled the appearance of a music group at a March event honoring New York 9/11 volunteers because the group planned to perform songs that include the words "prayer" and "God."

"Somebody has gone a little overboard" at the Red Cross, said Cherilyn Bacon, director of First Act, a choral group made up of students from a nearby performing arts middle school. The group was invited to sing "Heroes' Trilogy," a special post-September 11 arrangement of "America the Beautiful," "Prayer of the Children," and Lee Greenwood's "God Bless the USA."

First Act's rendition of "Declaration," a song that includes the opening lines of the Declaration of Independence, was also deemed inappropriate. Bacon says Patricia Johnson, a representative of the local Red Cross, told her that the Declaration is "a political document that…may offend." Lynn Howse, public affairs director in the Orange County Red Cross office, defended the decision. "We need to remain a neutral organization," she said.

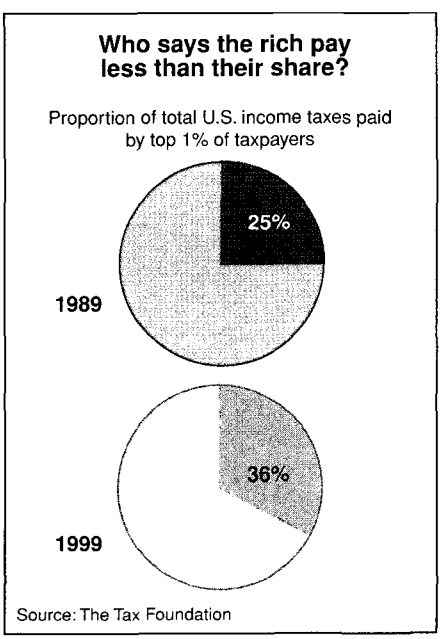
Cindy Boragno, mother of one of the performers, was stunned by the Red Cross's action. "What rot! This is outrageous," she said. "To think that the word 'God' cannot be used in a song." Student Malorie Bryant was disappointed at the withdrawal of the group's invitation. "We were so excited to finally be able to perform our special 'Heroes' tribute to the real heroes themselves."

Surmised choral director Bacon: "By taking this 'neutral' position, the Red Cross has just offended most of America."

—*Journalist* **Ron Strom** *posted a longer version of this story on WorldNetDaily.com.*

ASSAULTED BY TV

The longstanding argument over whether TV-watching can spur personal violence just got clearer. A detailed 17-year study of 707 randomly selected families found that people who watched more TV as teens and young adults showed increased rates of assault, fighting, robbery, and other aggressive acts in later years. Of 14-year-olds who watched less than an hour of television a day, 6 percent committed an aggressive act by the time they turned 22; that percentage jumped to 23 percent among those who watched one to two



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hours a day, and to 29 percent for those who watched three or more hours per day.

The study is the first long-term observation of the impact of TV on teens and young adults, rather than just on young children. "These researchers have shown that if you follow people from adolescence and early adulthood on, TV viewing predicts aggression," explains Brad Bushman, a psychologist at Iowa State Uni-versity and 15-year veteran of media-aggression studies.

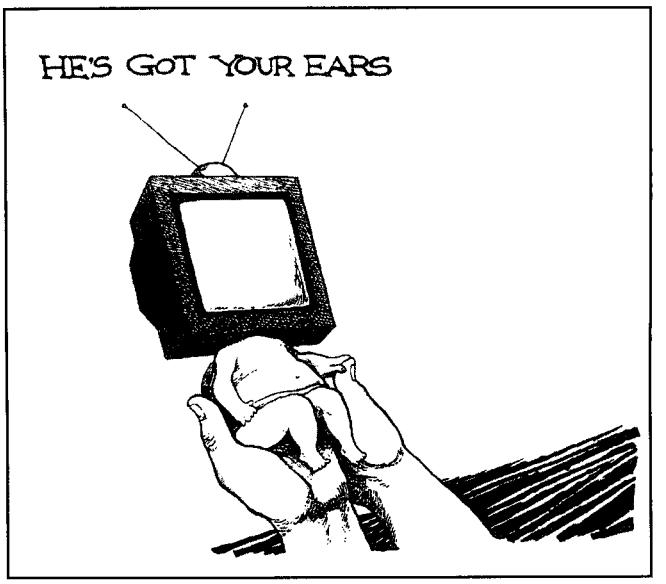
The study's lead author, Columbia University psychologist Jeffrey Johnson, points out that 60 percent of general TV programming involves violence, with an average hour of prime time showing three to five violent incidents. It has always seemed logical that witnessing violence regularly will have a desensitizing effect on people. With this latest research, the burden of proof now rests on those who choose offhandedly to dismiss TV's anti-social effects.

HIGH ALTITUDE PRESSURE

According to the *Wall Street Journal*, airlines are increasingly encountering obese passengers who cannot fit into plane seats without severely pushing into the passengers assigned to sit next to them. Traditionally, really fat customers were supposed to buy the adjoining seat they filled, but today's normal-sized fliers must more often simply endure their half-seat situation—because lawsuit-skittish airlines are reluctant to enforce the take-two-seats-buy-two-seats rule on what they call "customers of size." Walter Lindstrom, director of the Obesity Law and Advocacy Center argues that "if you buy a ticket on an airline, you're not buying a seat, you're buying passage—however many seats that means."

MEDICAL CLOWN

Some moviegoers will remember Patch Adams from the 1998 Robin Williams film celebrating him. A Virginia doctor who made a name by providing free care to anyone who needed it, and "connecting" with his patients by dressing as a clown, the true-life Adams presents himself as a paragon of virtue within the greedy medical industry.



But even doctors who advertise themselves as choosing compassion and generosity over money and power must finance their activities. Adams travels the lecture circuit as a motivational speaker, accepting some 300 speaking arrangements annually at fees (according to a speakers bureau that sponsors him) of up to $20,000 per appearance.

"The truth," he told students and faculty of the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and Health Services, is that "our government doesn't give a crap about its people." Politicians are "owned" by corporations. President Bush in particular is "a liar, stupid, and a dangerous man."

"Pharmaceuticals are made to make investors rich," he warned. Someone who invented a cure for AIDS should just give the drug to everyone who needs it, rather than selling it to a pharmaceutical company, he urged. Even government-provided universal health care wouldn't satisfy Adams, because in our capitalist nation it would still be overpriced, according to him.

It isn't that Adams is indifferent to financial considerations himself. He laments not having received any of the millions of dollars raked in by those who made the film about him. His attitude toward capitalism was best expressed by his answer to a student who asked how she could follow his lead and still pay back her educational loan. He suggested that she simply renege on it.

Of course, if many students followed this advice, the pool of funds for educational loans would soon dry up. By the same token, American pharmaceutical companies, instead of being the world leaders in developing new medicines as they now are, would never develop another drug if medicines had to be given away.

Most Americans don't see any inconsistency between taking one's profession seriously and trying to earn a respectable living. But then again, not many of us can command $20,000 for a speaking engagement, whether in a clown suit or not.

—**David Schaefer** *is a professor at Holy Cross College.*

BLASTED

According to a recently released study by the Task Force on College Drinking under the National Institutes of Health, alcohol consumption by college students contributes to 1,400 deaths, 500,000 injuries, and 70,000 sexual assaults. Also, 400,000 students between the ages of 18 and 24 reported having unprotected sex as a result of drinking.

CHINA'S ECONOMIC FACADE

For some time, China has claimed an annual economic growth of at least 7 percent. But real life casts doubt on

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these figures. Visitors see scores of rural people camped out at railroad stations or on sidewalks with nothing to do. Block after block of abandoned construction projects in cities suggest a severe lack of funds. The recent proposal that stock be sold to raise money for the Three Gorges Dam public works project points at the same problem. Almost-daily protests by workers, many violent, are also a clue that all is not well in the land of the mandarins.

Moreover, official figures don't make sense: How can energy use be falling in a booming economy? Why is unemployment rising, as government statistics show? (Imports continue to rise, however.) Chinese Premier Zhu Rongji recently told a television audience in his country that China's economy would have "collapsed" without the state stimulus spending currently taking Beijing's government debt to record levels. Given that Zhu Rongji is someone who chooses his words carefully, the term "collapse" is alarming. If the economy is burning up the track, why has state borrowing for pump priming been necessary?

The truth is, Western observers have been badly misled by Chinese statisticians. A shining exception is Professor Thomas Rawski of the University of Pittsburgh, who has made highly persuasive empirical presentations over the past year, including a recent one at the American Enterprise Institute, suggesting that China's economy may actually have been *contracting* rather than growing since 1998.

China's actual unemployment rate may be four times the official rate of 4.5 percent, Rawski reports. Chinese debt is also far higher than official figures indicate, and, though almost entirely domestic (unlike the debt in Indonesia, which suddenly melted down a few years ago), possible default still poses profound threats to the economy as well as to social stability.

How could so many people miss trends this important? It is the chronic pathologies of China watchers—their groupthink, their wishful thinking, their fear of offending the Chinese, their willingness to swallow China's official numbers—that cause such blindness.

While "economic reform" is constantly proclaimed, it's not practiced consistently. The only way China can create sufficient jobs is by adopting a free-market system. Such a system, however, leaves no room for a Communist Party. So the necessary economic reform is impossible without political change.

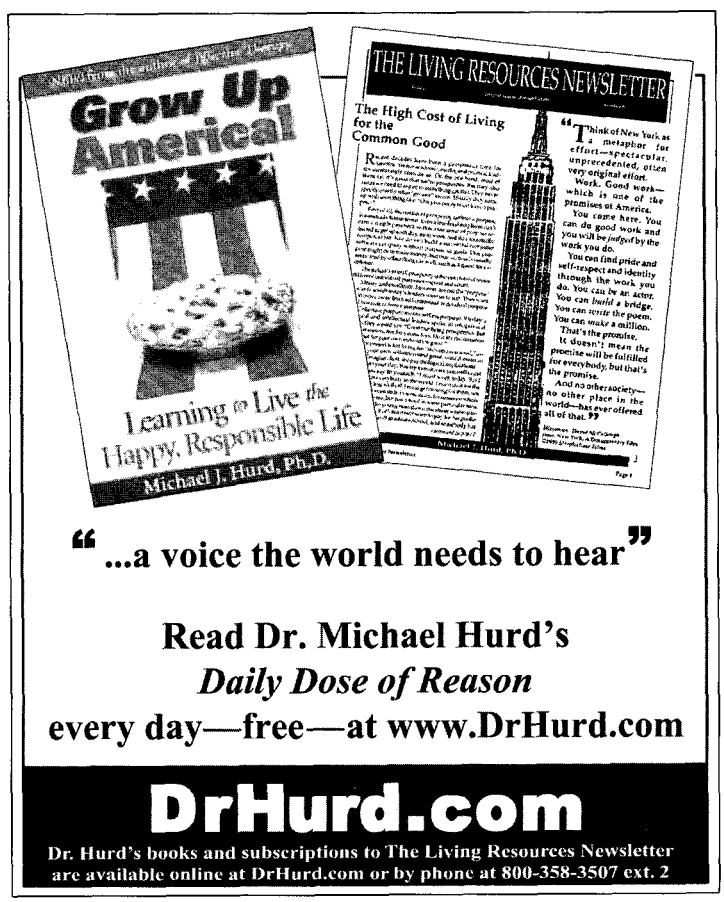
After Mao's death, something had to be done to prevent the complete impoverishment of China—and it was. But it was done in a way that left the country's economy now utterly dysfunctional, bifurcated between capitalist and socialist production. Large state enterprises that manufacture goods people don't want and don't buy are kept afloat by "loans" (never repaid) from the massive savings the Chinese people entrust to the state-controlled banks. The rule of thumb: If your business is state-controlled and losing money, you qualify for big transfers. If your business is private and growing, you do not. That is a recipe for economic collapse.

—University of Pennsylvania professor **Arthur Waldron** *is director of Asian Studies at AEI.*

THANKS AGAIN NYPD AND MAYOR GIULIANI

One of the great untold stories of the recent American crime drop is that our closest European "neighbor"—the United Kingdom—now surpasses us in virtually every category of crime. London currently has twice as many per capita robberies, assaults, and auto thefts as New York City, four times as many burglaries, about 50 percent more rapes, and almost as many murders. Londoners should consider taking long vacations in New York. They will be much safer.

—British citizen **Iain Murray** *is director of research at the Statistical Assessment Service.*



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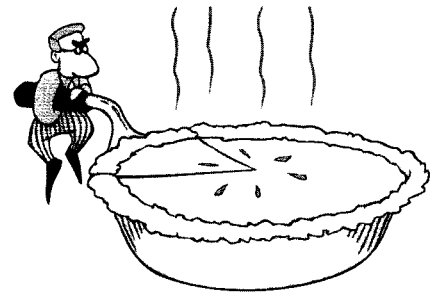
James Glassman



After Enron

After any breakdown of a public institution, politicians feel the urge to "fix" things so it doesn't happen again. Often, however, the cure is worse than the disease. That's the case with the proposed remedies following the collapse of Enron.

Why does Congress need to do anything in the first place? The Enron scandal was primarily a story of executives and auditors deceiving investors about the true state of a business. If it was "greed" that caused the deception, it was greed that uncovered it as well. James Chanos, a money manager who specializes in short-selling (speculating that a stock's price will fall), got wind of Enron's shenanigans, and tipped off a reporter at *Fortune*. Enron was forced to restate its earnings and acknowledge hidden debts.

Investors reacted with fury, dumping Enron stock. The company's worth declined from $30 billion to almost nothing. Before any indictment or government report, the market pronounced Enron guilty and imposed a sentence of capital punishment. Then longtime clients started punishing Arthur Andersen, Enron's auditor. Delta ended its 53-year relationship with the auditor, as did Merck and Freddie Mac. Andersen, and the executives who allowed it to stray, face oblivion.

This is just what we want markets to do: Exact justice quickly and brutally. There are already plenty of laws against fraud to handle corporate executives who lie. Punishments meted out by markets and legal authorities serve as a powerful demonstration to others. The Enron reaction from many corporations, like General Electric, has been to issue even more detailed annual reports. Investors have battered the stocks of any firms they suspect of being dishonest.

Is a further response needed? Just one. If Congress really wants to help investors analyze complex corporations, it should encourage firms to issue dividends. Quarterly payouts are the most accurate manifestation of a company's health; it's hard to monkey with cash. But dividends have been on the decline—mainly because they are taxed twice at high rates, first at the corporate level, and then again when the individual receives them. If Congress ended this double taxation, shareholder dividends would recover, and small investors would regain a powerful tool for separating real successes in business from the impostors.

Congress, however, is focusing on something completely different: what's called "auditor independence." The idea is that there's a terrible conflict of interest when an accounting firm both audits a company's books and provides it with consulting services like designing its financial computer systems.

The Securities & Exchange Commission began looking at this situation back in the 1950s, and several studies have been conducted since then—producing no empirical evidence that the combination of auditors and consultants in the same firm causes distorted audits. None of the studies recommended separating auditing from consulting.

Andersen earned just about the same amount from Enron for auditing as for consulting, and no one has claimed that Andersen fudged one to protect the other. In any case, if auditors could be bribed by giving them non-audit work, wouldn't it be even easier to bribe them by simply paying extra premiums for audit work?

Members of Congress have complained that Enron employees owned too much stock in their own company. They did. A year ago, roughly 60 percent of the assets in the average Enron worker's 401(k) retirement plan consisted of company stock. That's far too many eggs to put in one basket.

Senator Ted Kennedy (D-MA) claimed in a press release that "the main reason why Enron workers lost more than a billion dollars is that they were pressured by Enron executives to put all their 401(k) money in the company." He's wrong. Most Enron employees put nearly all their personal 401(k) contributions into mutual funds; Enron then matched those contributions with free company stock, which quadrupled in value between 1997 to 2000. The result was a lopsided portfolio with too much Enron and not enough diversified mutual funds.

But the solution is not to put hard limits on what 401(k) holders can own; it is to remind Americans that they are responsible for their own investments. No government can prevent every economic calamity. We can only make sure that markets, free to respond, will crush miscreants and warn other crooks not to follow in their footsteps.

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"Live" with TAE

This lifelong New Yorker, student of urban life, servant of Presidents from Kennedy to Ford, and recently retired U.S. senator talks about Manhattan, immigration, Jews, Democrats, and the Irish.

Pat Moynihan

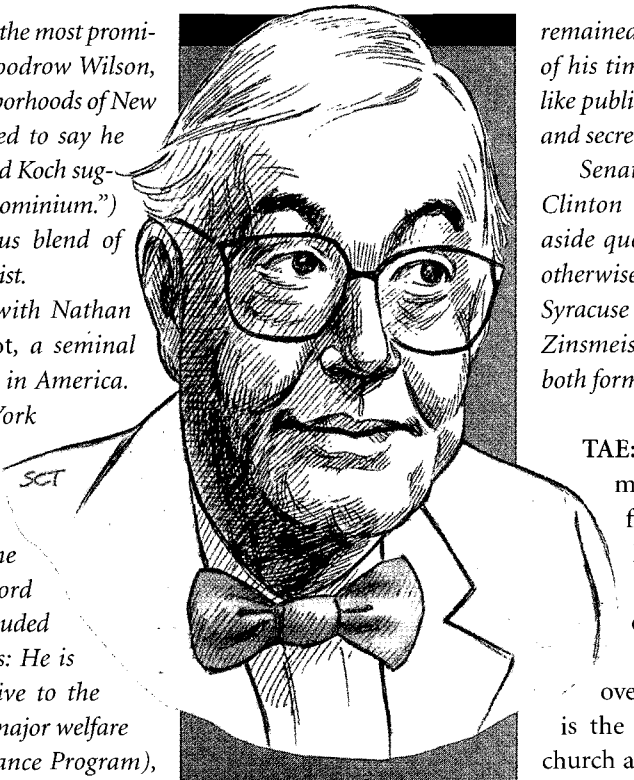
Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the most prominent politician-professor since Woodrow Wilson, grew up in the working-class neighborhoods of New York City. (His myth-makers liked to say he came of age in Hell's Kitchen, but Ed Koch suggests it was more like "Hell's Condominium.") From the start, he was a curious blend of scholar and Democratic Party loyalist.

Professor Moynihan wrote (with Nathan Glazer) Beyond the Melting Pot, *a seminal 1963 work on race and ethnicity in America. Politico Moynihan ran for New York City Council president in 1965 (the only race he ever lost). Policy advisor Moynihan served in the cabinet or sub-cabinet of the Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, and Ford administrations. His expertise included both domestic and foreign affairs: He is surely the only U.S. representative to the United Nations who also wrote a major welfare initiative (Nixon's Family Assistance Program), instigated the redesign of Pennsylvania Avenue, and helped modernize Social Security (among other tasks).*

In 1976, Moynihan was elected to the U.S. Senate from New York. His singular personality—part Harvard, part barroom, with a rococo style and a diction that begs mimicry—made him the most popular New York politician in generations. Senator Moynihan turned out to be unbeatable in the voting booth.

In his four Senate terms, Moynihan voted with the liberals and provided talking points to the conservatives. In the words of his good friend James Q. Wilson, Moynihan is "a Democrat who greatly worries other Democrats." His scorn for Great Society platitudes and his early concern over rising illegitimacy rates marked him as a skeptic of government social engineering. Yet he remained a partisan Democrat, and spent much of his time in the Senate pursuing side interests like public architecture (he favors "magnificence") and secrecy in government (which he dislikes).

Senator Moynihan retired in 2000; Hillary Clinton assumed his seat. Moynihan brushed aside questions about Senator Clinton but was otherwise engagingly discursive as he chatted in a Syracuse restaurant with TAE *editor in chief Karl Zinsmeister and associate editor Bill Kauffman, both former Moynihan staffers.*



In the '30s our iceman would wrap the money from his day's deliveries on the subway. In those days, why *wouldn't* you do that on the subway?

TAE: Three of the last six New York City mayors have been Republicans. Is this a fluke or something more?

MOYNIHAN: It is a phenomenon: the disappearance of the political organizations.

My first vote was in 1948. I'm living over on 11th Avenue and our polling place is the basement of St. Raphael's. You had church and state together. It's a springtime primary, and I've just turned 21. I put on a shirt and tie, I walk into the basement, and someone I've never seen in my life says, "Hi Pat." I say, "Sir, I'm not sure that I'm eligible to vote." "Everybody votes," he answers, and as I went into the booth he gave me a little ticket that told me who everybody is going to vote for.

Today you become mayor using television, not party regulars like this pollworker.

TAE: What were New York City's glory days?

MOYNIHAN: World War II and the period that led up to it: the Broadway musicals were incomparable, the Yankees, the Giants. There was no city like it on earth. Los Angeles was a small town. Atlanta was a place we had burnt. The city was dominant and vibrant. It was a place to be happy!

TAE: Was it an easy place to live in?

Illustration by Sam Torode

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MOYNIHAN: Effortless. I never had any encounter with crime. There was no crime. We lived on the fourth floor of what were called railroad flats. We had an icebox, and a wonderful fellow would bring up a big lump of ice and by the end of the day his pockets were bulging with quarters, nickels, and dimes. He lived out in Brooklyn, and on his way home he would pile up the coins and wrap them *on the subway.* In those days, why would you *not* do that on the subway?

If you got lost, you went up to a cop and he would give you a nickel for the subway and tell you how to get home. That's what we knew about cops.

TAE: You attended Benjamin Franklin High School in Harlem. Any idea what's happened to it?

MOYNIHAN: It died, along with other parts of that neighborhood. In that part of the city there were still little bits of the German city. Beer, restaurants, bratwurst. Something we have missed is the way the First World War drove German culture out of our country. The American population is heavily German, and there was once a great German culture here. But at the time of World War I that all became disreputable.

TAE: Sauerkraut became Liberty Cabbage.

MOYNIHAN: And Theodore Roosevelt talked about "the Hun within."

TAE: Given the social and cultural gulfs between Upstate and Downstate, should New York be two separate states?

MOYNIHAN: No! We're New York! I don't know why we ever gave up Vermont. The Erie Canal integrated New York into one whole.

TAE: You've suggested that New York's historic support for federal spending has been a mistake: We never got back what we paid in, so perhaps the money ought to have stayed home.

MOYNIHAN: That's a matter of timing. We got into this pattern in the 1930s when much of the rest of the country was in terrible shape. It's bad enough to have a Depression, but do you have to have a Dust Bowl, too? We got into a paradigm: New York is wealthy and has the capacity and compassion to build a Tennessee Valley Authority, to send money to stricken places. That was 70 years ago. We have never been able to break out of the paradigm. New York City, in particular, has never been able to get back anything approaching its share of the revenues it sends to Washington. What is notable is that nobody in New York City much cares. You do this for two, three generations, and you have real consequences.

> "Everybody votes," answered the pollworker. And as I went into the booth he gave me a little ticket that told me who everybody is going to vote for.

TAE: What are some fundamental principles that New York City should keep in mind as it rebuilds at Ground Zero?

MOYNIHAN: The first thing, and I'm happy that Mayor Bloomberg spotted it right away, is that we have to recreate Pennsylvania Station. That's not the first thought that comes to anybody looking at that Stygian horror, but transportation is our life. We begin with the harbor: The best harbor in the eastern coast of the United States. Then the canals. The Erie and New York Central railroads. The subway.

How did we ever allow the destruction of Pennsylvania Station? Oh, if you'd ever seen the original building. As Vincent Scully says, "You once entered New York City like an emperor; now you slither in like a rat." Fortunately, across the street from where the old Penn Station stood the same architects built another building of similar quality—the old Post Office. That needs to become our new transportation hub.

New York was always singular for the dynamism with which the Brooklyn Bridge went up and skyscrapers went up and roads were built. Then, in the 1970s, civic reputation began to be acquired by people who *prevented* things from happening. There are some things you shouldn't do, but many things now get stopped for no reason.

The first week I was in Washington as a senator, Bill Coleman, secretary of transportation, asked Senator Javits and me to come see a model of the Westway [a major Manhattan highway project]. Ah! Ooh! Wow! This would be our century's Central Park! We'd get those piers back. We could get the river back. He as much as gave us a check for it. Did it happen? No. Why? A bunch of overeducated lawyers, pro bono, convinced a federal judge that if you removed those piers you would destroy the spawning grounds of the striped bass. There are plenty of striped bass. One of the things we could have in the aftermath of 9/11 is a rediscovery of New York City's waterfront.

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TAE: Would Brooklyn have been better off remaining an independent city?
MOYNIHAN: Yes. Like Minnneapolis-St. Paul.
TAE: Are the days of the skyscraper come and gone?
MOYNIHAN: They haven't come and gone in Hong Kong, Bangkok, Shanghai. But in New York, I think the city will move over to Queens. There's just too much available real estate there to ignore.
TAE: You first became famous for expounding on race, in the report "The Negro Family," and were later hounded for your frankness on this topic. Is the effect of immigration on the racial composition of the U.S. a legitimate subject for debate today?
MOYNIHAN: Well, it's becoming unignorable in New York City. My goodness, the most important fact about our city is that it has more first-generation New Yorkers than at any time since 1910. Welcome back to the Five Points.

About forty years ago, Nat Glazer and I published *Beyond the Melting Pot.* I wrote part of it here in Syracuse. That book, sir, is still in print; I got a royalty check a month ago for $103! I wrote the opening sentence, which said, "This is a beginning book." Forty years later, I'm not sure there has been a successor, and the reason is that these subjects have become so sensitive. How do we say, "Don't be so sensitive!" to authors and readers?
TAE: Compared to when you were growing up, how well does New York assimilate immigrants today?
MOYNIHAN: When I was growing up, we had all assimilated. The blacks from the South were still coming up, but they were not a new ethnic group; they were an ethnic group that had been in town and was just becoming larger. There was Chinatown, but no visible Japanese, Mexicans, Dominicans. Goodness, the Dominican Republic...where's that? Assimilation had occurred, and the city was at peace with itself.
TAE: Would you agree that 150 years ago New York City really did have an "Irish problem," as the terrified WASPs of the day claimed? If we hadn't had as many unassimilated rural Irish peasants pouring in, might we have avoided the Civil War draft riots, some of the Tammany Hall corruption, and other serious problems?
MOYNIHAN: Of course. There was a flood of immigrants from Ireland. Probably a third of them did not speak English. They couldn't do anything but laboring work, pick and shovel.

The draft riots were the worst violence in the city ever. Burning a Negro orphanage! Mostly Irish instigated. I don't think the Irish created Tammany Hall. The Society of St. Tammany was an eighteenth-century society. But something did come together, and the Irish took control through politics.
TAE: A century and a half later, those Irish arrivals almost universally look like good American citizens. But it was a very rough hundred years until they entered the middle class. Would a more temperate immigration policy have been a good idea?
MOYNIHAN: There aren't many places from which people came to New York City that were as primitive as the west of Ireland. The Irish assimilated in at least two generations; then they were no longer country folk. Of course they had the support of almost a state-within-a-state, which was the Catholic church.
TAE: Is there a place today for pro-life Catholics in the Democratic Party?
MOYNIHAN: I have not gotten over the denial of Pennsylvania Governor Bob Casey to speak before the Democratic Convention in 1992. I thought that was shameless. It almost made me start voting differently.
TAE: New York City's famously left-wing Jewish population has recently gotten into the habit of pulling the lever for Republican mayoral candidates. Do you think this could eventually transfer to political races other than mayor?
MOYNIHAN: The Jewish immigrants to our country were originally socialists. But over time any group will begin to vote its class interests.
TAE: But Jews have always been the famous exception to that rule: They have incomes like Episcopalians yet vote like Puerto Ricans.
MOYNIHAN: Well, isn't a century enough?
TAE: You gathered a remarkable group of people in your Senate office over the years: Tim Russert, Mike McCurry, Checker Finn, Dick Eaton, Elliott Abrams, Rob Shapiro, Les Lenkowsky, and others. You're almost a Washington alma mater for many people who went on to become very influential. How did that happen?
MOYNIHAN: It was Liz, my wife, who often spotted the talent.
TAE: Throughout your career, it has seemed that your head was with the reformers but that your heart was really with the party regulars.
MOYNIHAN: I have been respectful of the party organizations, which were indigenous. Ed Flynn, the Bronx Democratic chairman, went down and saw FDR in '44 and said, "We need somebody other than Henry Wallace as Roosevelt's running mate." So New York ethnic Democrats gave us Harry Truman. Not bad.

You know where the last Tammany Hall is? Northeast corner of Union Square, big brick building. In the center of the cornice is the Tammany symbol. When I campaigned for president of the New York City Council back in 1965, Raymond Jones, the Tammany leader, took me up to see the office. At one point he opened the door to the supply room, and there was a big ornate canvas. I said, "What's that?" He leaned the portrait back and said, "That's Mr. Charles Murphy," the legendary Tammany chief. I said, "Why don't you have him out?"

He answered as a loyal old-style Democrat: "I will not have Mr. Murphy seeing us in these reduced circumstances."

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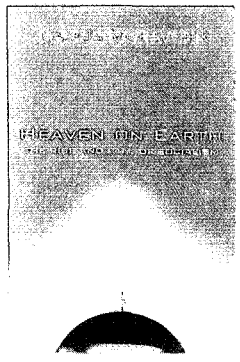

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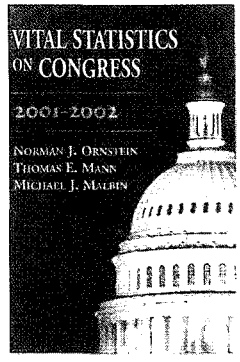

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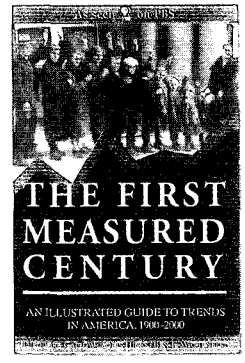

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Big City in Little Pieces

By Bill Kauffman

An American in New York

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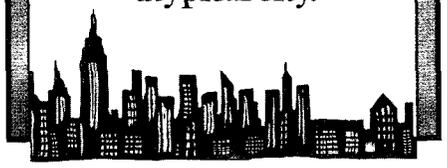
The enduring cinematic visage of New York City belongs not to King Kong or Woody Allen but rather to John Travolta, who in *Saturday Night Fever* forsook his family and home in Brooklyn to cross the bridge to Manhattan. On one side was clan, faith, family. On the other was the promise of wealth, glamor, and sex with girls who don't go to church and don't feel at all guilty about it.

With four of New York's five boroughs located on islands, bridges are all that connect our country to its most atypical city.



Travolta's desertion of Brooklyn is presented as a graduation we are supposed to applaud. After all, a Manhattan transfer is the beginning of enlightenment—just ask those who manufacture so much of America's image of itself from offices in Manhattan.

With four of New York's five boroughs located on islands (only the Bronx is on the American mainland), bridges are in some ways all that connect our country to its most atypical city. New York has always been the antithesis of inland America. It is a port, with all that entails: prosperity, a transient and polyglot population, vice and depravity, a sense of action and bustle and excitement. It is "like a munificent dung hill, where every thing finds kindly nourishment, and soon shoots up and expands to greatness," wrote Washington Irving, who created Diedrich Knickerbocker, the Dutchman who was New York's emblem for so many years. (Today the emblematic Knickerbocker is Latrell Sprewell, the coach-choking professional basketball player.)

In the weeks after September 11, 2001, the bridges between New York and America were fortified. So great was the outpouring of sympathy for the besieged city that even inveterate Yankee-haters found themselves pulling for George Steinbrenner's mercenaries in last fall's World Series. At my village's crossroads, volunteer firefighters collected donations for the city in their fluorescent hats. I threw in a tenspot every time, remembering, churlishly, how in our time of need New York had done nothing of the kind for us. Thirty years ago, nearby Attica State Prison was bloodied by a revolt, which directly touched a far higher percentage of local people than the 9/11 crashes did in New York. The widows and orphans of the slain guards were not showered with flowers and quilts and charitable millions by the touched hearts of Manhattan; their gift was scorn and mockery, encapsulated in Al Pacino's chant "Attica! Attica!" in the transvestite bank robbery classic *Dog Day Afternoon* (1975). Whatever kindnesses we in the hinterlands have extended to Manhattan in the wake of that black day in September are emphatically *not* in return for past favors.

The visitor who enters New York via train is disgorged into the magnificently restored Grand Central Station, with its ceiling depicting the constellations, pinpricks of light that must substitute for the night sky Manhattanites cannot see through the light-haze and the skyscrapers.

In the 1880s, Manhattan was the site of the first serious debates over height limits for buildings. Critics argued that skyscrapers were unhealthy in two ways. In case of disaster, the upper floors were charnel houses (as we have lately relearned). And even absent fire or explosion, the towering structures block sunlight, contributing to a general urban sickliness, opponents complained. New York being New York, the builders won, and out of Irving's dung hill arose an urban cordillera whose peaks ranged from the impressive (the Chrysler Building) to the pointless (the Empire State Building) to the assertively ugly government boondoggle that was the Twin Towers, also known as "the largest aluminum siding job in the history of the world."

The outsider is still overwhelmed by the din and anomie of New York: the jackhammers and honking cabs and people who won't look you in the eye. (And, these days, the street banners and store window signs reading, "Fight back NY! Go Shop!") For every valorous fireman there is a neurotic hypochondriac straight from "Seinfeld" badgering her pharmacist for Cipro. For now, flags fly from stoops and skyscrapers; even the window of the *Village Voice* displays Old Glory. Whether or not the colors would fly had the hijackers crashed their planes in Philadelphia or Boise is another question—one to which I think we all know the answer.

For all the "we're-in-this-together" spirit kindled by the September attack, New York remains a city of strangers in which even the most genial apartment dwellers do not know their neighbors. Civic attachments are nigh impossible when you and the fellow down the hall do not even speak the same language; the state, perforce, will be the arbiter of your disputes.

The famed New York incivility, as many New Yorkers have told me, is a natural response to the environment. The urban dweller must shut down his senses lest he suffer an overload. So he has perfected the art of ignoring the disconsolate failures listlessly passing out "20% Off Hair Styling" fliers to indifferent passersby in front of every sun-blocking skyscraper. Dorothy Day saw the face of Christ in each of these men and women, as well as in sisters and brothers a lot worse off, but Dorothy was a saint.

Thinking of saints, I walk up Fifth Avenue to St. Patrick's Cathedral. Therein I am made melancholy by olive-skinned men offering devout petitions to Our Lady of Guadalupe, and by the pretty Irish and Italian Catholic girls lighting devotional candles as their eyes brim with tears. So much sadness and loss, even here. Life on an inhuman scale, I am reminded, does not make one any less human.

The statuary of New York is a delight for lovers of literature

TAE *associate editor Bill Kauffman's books include the novel* Every Man a King *and* Country Towns of New York, *a travel book.*

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and history, recalling a day when poets were read by someone besides other poets. In Central Park, Fitz-Greene Halleck sits amidst the elms, fastidiously, fenced off from the hoi-polloi. Behind the New York Public Library, a granitic William Cullen Bryant overlooks the greensward of Bryant Park, once known as "Needle Park" in another Al Pacino movie, his ears stopped to the *sotto voce* dope offerings. For 51 years, Bryant edited the New York *Evening Post*, urging upon New Yorkers the policies of "free commerce, free speech, free soil." Remarkable as it now seems, nineteenth-century New York was the hotbed of American libertarianism. It was the cradle of the most radically anti-government faction of any major party in our country's history, the Loco Focos of the 1830s. These Jacksonian Democrats—who even opposed state regulation of weights and measures—denounced not only government meddling but also the "soulless, cadaverous, unmanly aristocracy of Wall Street."

In the end, City Hall and Wall Street won out, and the freedom-loving Loco Focos disappeared. But the city always remained mutable, early to raze and eager to rise, and appalling to those of a traditionalist bent. Henry David Thoreau believed "The pigs in the street are the most respectable part of the population." A newsman named Walt Whitman said the place is "characterized by an unparalleled fierceness in money-chasing." Edgar Allen Poe, by contrast, positively burbled: "The city is brimful of all kinds of legitimate liveliness—the life of money-making, and the life of pleasure."

By "city," Poe meant Manhattan. The island *was* New York City. Until 1898.

The bridge that carried John Travolta away from Brooklyn made the huge, imperial version of New York inevitable.

Across the East River from Manhattan once grew beautiful Brooklyn, "the city of homes and churches." Brooklyn had affordable houses, healthy air, and an Anglo-Protestant character not unlike that of New England. Manhattan's tenements and jerrybuilt towers were eyesores to sophisticated Brooklynites. (Edgar Allen Poe, bless his contrarian heart, despised Brooklyn's architecture. "I know few towns which inspire me with so great disgust and contempt. It puts me often in mind of a city of silvered-gingerbread," he wrote. "In point of downright iniquity—of absolute atrocity...I really can see little difference between the putting up of such a house as this, and blowing up a House of Parliament, or cutting the throat of one's grandfather.")

Brooklyn's men on the make were not satisfied with their pretty and insular city. They saw dollar signs on the opposite shore of the East River. And so, with the aid of a $65,000 bribe to Manhattan's Boss Tweed, was born that extraordinary feat of engineering known as the Brooklyn Bridge. David McCullough, in his history of the great bridge, summarized its promises: "Property values would soar.... Merchants could expect untold numbers of new customers as disaffected New Yorkers flocked

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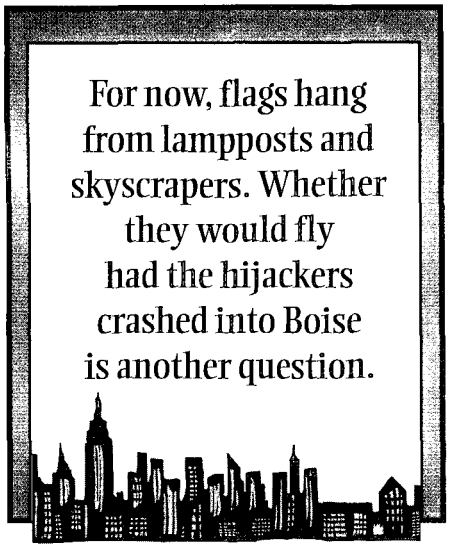
across the river to make Brooklyn their home. Manufacturers would have closer ties with New York markets. Long Island farmers and Brooklyn brewers could get their wares over the river more readily. The mail would move faster."

By 1890, a quarter of a million people were passing over the Brooklyn Bridge every day. The pokey "Brooklyn Ferry" memorialized by Walt Whitman was all but sunk.

German-born John Augustus Roebling, who fathered both the bridge and the man who would supervise its construction, imagined that it would "allow people of leisure, the old and young invalids, to promenade over the bridge on fine days, in order to enjoy the beautiful views and the pure air." The promenade still inspires awe, even if the exhaust-stinking air is impure. But the bridge that was going to put Brooklyn on the map ended up putting it out of existence.



You see, too many young men of the East had taken the eccentric New York editor Horace Greeley's advice and gone West. Chicago was swelling like President Cleveland's waistline; if it kept annexing suburbs, it might soon replace New York as America's largest city.

New York needed more people. Brooklyn needed access to New York's plentiful water supply. Queens, The Bronx, and Staten Island needed New York's municipal services. Combination was in the air. A New York lawyer named Andrew Haswell Green lobbied tirelessly for the cities and villages of the region to merge into one enormous city of Greater New York. "Cities are the crowns...of empire," declared Green, who was the law partner of Samuel Tilden, the Democratic governor and New York lawyer known as the "Great Forecloser."

Brooklyn patriots, gathered in the League of Loyal Citizens, argued that their home should remain "a New England and American city." They spoke of local self-rule and community pride, while the consolidators thrummed their siren song of "Progre$$ Progre$$ Progre$$."

Andrew Haswell Green had the classic progressive's contempt for any value not reducible to charts or tax tables. He dismissed Brooklyn patriotism as "senile sentimentalism... which vainly strives to stay the wheels of beneficent progress by a display of flags and banners, the din of brass bands and other claptrap." (Green would be sorely disappointed in post-9/11 Manhattan, with its makeshift—and moving—memorials to the dead, rife with flags and banners and even invocations of the Deity.)

In the pivotal 1894 referendum, what became the five boroughs of New York voted for union. Only in Brooklyn was the debate fierce; by the narrowest of margins, 64,744 to 64,467, Brooklynites voted to dissolve their proud city. Desperate resistance delayed consummation of the marriage, but on January 1, 1898, Brooklyn, the fourth-largest city in the country, was swallowed whole. Andrew Haswell Green's "wheels of progress" have rolled over Brooklyn ever since.

Bird Coler, the first comptroller of the imperial New York City, chirped his vision of what consolidation meant in a language that can only be called ravenous. Bird foresaw a day when "all divisional lines have been forever obliterated, and there is no Manhattan, no Brooklyn, no village by the sea, no localized settlement upon the Sound, no isolated community upon the hills of the Hudson, but one grand and glorious New York." On such visions are tyrannies built. Or as one later, longer-haired, dystopian dreamer of One Homogeneous Blob warbled, "Imagine there's no country..."

Dreamy sons of Brooklyn have since tried to divorce their mother from the lech across the river, testing Daniel Webster's dictum, "Because a thing has been wrongly done, it does not follow that it can be undone." Columnist Pete Hamill often decries the "Big Mistake" of '98. Novelist Norman Mailer, the self-proclaimed "left conservative," ran for mayor in 1969 on a "Power to the Neighborhoods!" platform that would have made New York City the 51st state while stripping it of almost all its functions and devolving control to the most local level. The *New York Times* gravely counseled against liberty and decentralism, as it always does. The proposal was "demagoguery," lectured the *Times*, which is a severe way of saying "popular." For his trouble, Mailer got 6 percent of the vote.

No man more perfectly embodied Imperial New York than Robert Moses, who from a series of official and quasi-official perches spent half a century paving, razing, and evicting with ruthless efficiency. Moses built the expressways that scarify the five boroughs and the bridges that connect them: In all, he was responsible for an incredible 627 miles of road in and around New York City. Like the suburban federal judge who destroys working-class neighborhoods with busing orders, Moses sat blissfully distant from the wrack and ruin of his acts, never even learning how to drive himself. (This comparatively common New York anachronism never deterred city residents from telling *others* how to drive. For years, the speed limit on upstate highways was limited to an absurdly low 55 miles per hour due to a bloc of Gotham legislators who didn't know a clutch from a kvetch.)

In *The Power Broker* (1974), the utterly devastating biography of Moses which appeared shortly before its subject died, author Robert Caro calculated that "close to half a million" people were evicted by Moses's highways plus urban renewal and

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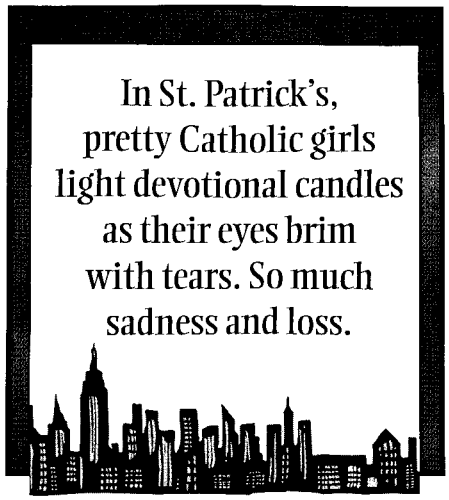
building projects. "He tore out the hearts of a score of neighborhoods, communities the size of small cities themselves, communities that had been lively, friendly places to live, the vital parts of the city that made New York a home to its people," wrote Caro. Remarkably, most of those people moved with no more resistance than a grumble: Living in Imperial New York had made them pliant and spiritless.



Moses's "greatest pleasure," noted Caro, was "the imposition of his will on other people." This has been the besetting sin of political New York since the demise of Moses's patron, Governor Al Smith, the last states' rights presidential nominee of the Democratic Party. Through sheer numbers, New York imposes its will.

Perhaps America needs a reciprocity agreement with New York City. In the words of the college campus, we could use a little more tolerance and diversity. Mayor Ed Koch, one of the city's livelier politicos of recent years, lost the 1982 Democratic gubernatorial primary to Mario Cuomo after hizzoner imprudently told an interviewer, "This rural America thing—I'm telling you, it's a joke." The hicks, he had heard, had to "drive 20 miles" in a "pickup truck" just to "buy a gingham dress or a Sears, Roebuck suit."

I was among the affronted rural New York Democrats who responded by voting for that sanctimonious windbag Cuomo. Stupid me. I hadn't the wit to understand Koch's bluster as a sort of charmingly abrasive Manhattan provincialism. But then, when do the provincial Manhattanites ever extend the outlanders an equivalent tolerance? Poor John Rocker was almost run out of baseball for his pungently frank assessment of the riders on the Queens subway.

So how about it, New York: We'll accept Kochian putdowns of the world beyond skyscrapers if you'll permit the Rockers to have their say. Deal? Of course it's no deal. You run the networks, the newsweeklies, the major dailies. The next John Rocker won't simply be harassed by every media outlet in America; he will be indicted for hate thought. In New York, tolerance is compulsory. They shoot horse's asses, don't they?

Each of us holds in mind his own New York City. Koch and Rocker, Henry James and Walt Whitman, all describe the same place, but where one sees heaven, another sees hell. Some mourn a lost city, others extol the roil and moil.

There are those who dread New York's mass immigration as enfeebling, and those who salute it as invigorating. Henry James was offended by the "monstrous, presumptuous interest" of New York's immigrants. They came in such numbers that "we, not they, must make the surrender and accept the orientation. We must go, in other words, *more* than half-way to meet them; which is all the difference, for us, between possession and dispossession." James pronounced himself "haunted... in the New York streets" by "this sense of dispossession."

A century later, John Rocker complained, "You can walk an entire block in Times Square and not hear anybody speaking English. Asians and Koreans and Vietnamese and Indians and Russians and Spanish people and everything up there. How the hell did they get in this country?" Rocker has an antecedent in Sinclair Lewis's novel *Dodsworth* (1929), where Ross Ireland, an Iowa-bred foreign correspondent, despaired of returning to New York City. "When you see a real old-fashioned American face on the street, you wonder how he got here."

Scott McConnell is the former editorial page editor of the *New York Post* and a prominent immigration restrictionist; his skepticism of multiculturalism got him booted from the paper. I asked him if it isn't odd that he is living at Huddled Masses Central; he replied that in New York (as opposed to, say, Miami or Los Angeles) no one immigrant group dominates social life and public discourse. Gray-bearded New Yorkers are not forced to learn Farsi or Gaelic in order to negotiate their way through a city day. This is not to say that politicians don't pander: The traditional fealty paid Ireland and Israel by New York's hacks has more recently been extended to Puerto Rico, and one assumes that homages to the Dominican Republic and other exotic places will follow close behind.

The Middle American who wanders New York struck by the foreignness of the place might reprove himself with William Cullen Bryant's rebuke of the Know-Nothings: "It is possible to love our country in too narrow and selfish a spirit. Those who maintain with us the right of all men who adopt our land...to enjoy the same political rights as if born among us, love their country for what she is, a land of refuge, and not for what the illiberal and inhospitable spirit of some would make her, a land where he to whom the world allows no other home must always remain an alien and a stranger."

Fair enough. But I'll be damned if New York seems American.

Ignoring New York City's vastness, there are those who love little pieces of it. Such was Dorothy Day, who founded the Catholic Worker movement in the Depression and whose eventual sainthood within the Catholic church seems inevitable. Feeling "haunted by God," Day lived the gospel through hospitality houses where she and her Catholic Workers fed, clothed, and befriended New York City's poor.

Geoffrey Gneuhs, who eulogized Day at her 1980 funeral, did double duty as CW chaplain and as an editor of the *Catholic Worker* newspaper (still only a penny a copy!). Geoffrey is an accomplished painter whose subjects include Day and other CW regulars, and the shops and scenes of his neighborhood in the East Village. The Worker clientele, he notes while walking

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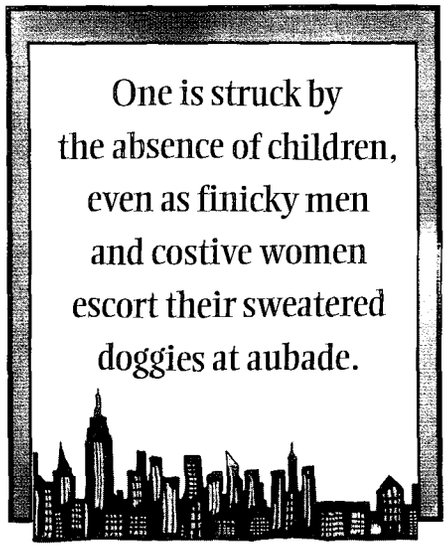
me around the Worker world, is changing. The face of Christ, which looked like toothless Irish winos and grizzled layabouts in Dorothy's day, has become younger, darker, and more likely to belong to a junkie than a drunk.

At one of the Worker houses, I read a wall-tacked memorial for "Sister" Jeanette Chin, a "holy fool" in the unambiguously favorable meaning of the phrase. Sister Jeanette, who died last year at the age of 70, was an old streetlady given to wearing nun's garb—despite the technicality that she never did take the vows. To Sister Jeanette's picture is appended her favorite saying: "I vote for Jesus because Jesus votes for everybody." RIP, Sister—even though Jesus would get creamed in a citywide election.



Another New York neighborhood patriot entertained us in Bay Ridge—the furthest reach of Brooklyn, facing Staten Island across the Verrazano-Narrows bridge, and mirroring the Island's familial, ethnic conservatism. Bay Ridge hosts the headquarters of the Conservative Party of New York—largely because it hosts party chairman Mike Long's liquor store, located just one block away, wherein deals are made near the Madeira.

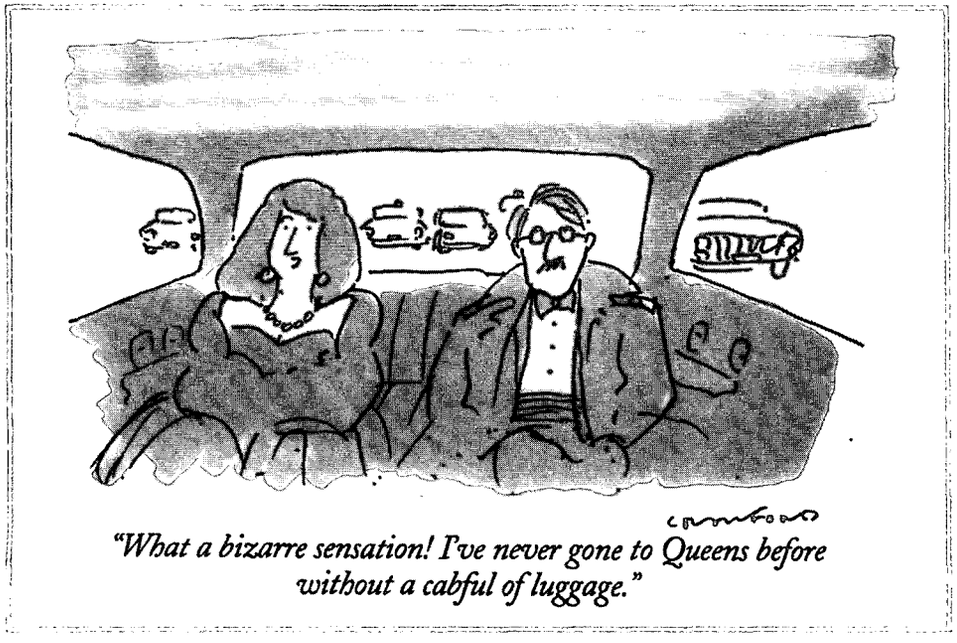
"There's an element of the city that no one speaks for—that's what we do," says Long.

The Conservatives, writes George Marlin in his newly published history of the party, were born in the early '60s as "the guardian of working-class New Yorkers" who "love family, neighborhood, country, and God." This might sound like boilerplate, but in the gargantuan New York City of the time it was downright reactionary. Governor Nelson Rockefeller had announced in his 1959 inaugural address that "Our neighborhood is the world," which was news to Bay Ridge and Flushing and Harlem.

The party's rapid growth in New York City, and then across the state, culminating with the election of Conservative James Buckley to the U.S. Senate in 1970, was one sign that the natives were getting restless. The '60s were a boom time for healthy dissent in New York. Some neighborhoods fought Robert Moses and the planners. The historic preservation movement was born. And men with surnames like Mahoney, Doherty, and Maltese—Hayek readers and "Al Smith Democrats"—took on New York's me-too party system. Voters benumbed by choiceless elections featuring Rockefellers and Harrimans and Javitses finally had a "go-to-hell" line on the ballot.

The Conservatives began as an urban party, heavily Catholic, which made the party a tougher sell to rural upstate Protestants. The Conservative voter was caricatured as Archie Bunker of Queens, though the details are all wrong. The essential dishonesty of "All in the Family" was revealed in its theme song, where the unaccountably Protestant Archie yearns for the velvet rule of Herbert Hoover. The real Archie would've been an Irish Catholic Democrat, a New Dealer despite certain Al Smithian reservations about the socialist eggheads surrounding FDR. But blue-collar ethnic Democratic discontent is one of those subjects that television cannot broach, rather like feminine hygiene products in days of yore. How much easier it was for the upper-class liberals of Manhattan to disdain the good Conservatives of Queens and Staten Island as crypto-fascists with bad taste in furnishings.

Current chairman Mike Long is a feisty and likable man, though the party has grown uncomfortably close to the GOP. It supports the Rockefeller Republican George Pataki for re-election this fall, to the dismay of old-line Conservatives who pine for the romantic long-shot candidacies of the party's heyday. George Marlin, author of the party history, is the former CEO of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey and the Conservative Party's 1993 candidate for mayor. (He ran against Rudy Giuliani, whose star now blazes so brightly that he is, to borrow H. L. Mencken's line, the leading candidate for the next vacancy in the Trinity.) Marlin graciously spent a day showing us "the little green patches, the neighborhood shops" that warm his Chestertonian



"What a bizarre sensation! I've never gone to Queens before without a cabful of luggage."

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heart. He and the party leadership have a distinctly un-Rockerish view of immigrant New York; Marlin sees "the new immigrants—Koreans, Hispanics, Chinese, Indians, and Pakistanis"—as the Conservative future. We'll see.

I think of Marlin's "little green patches" as we walk the wending way of Greenwich Village. This was the most salubrious spot in early Manhattan due to its excellent drainage. From the start, the Village was marked by "individuality" and "picturesqueness," wrote Thomas Janvier; it was "agreeably free from the foul odors and the foul humanity" of the rest of Gotham.

> The bridge that was going to put Brooklyn on the map ended up putting it out of existence.

If Greenwich has lost some of its fragrance, it remains "a real village," asserts resident Kirkpatrick Sale, the radical ecologist and historian. What is the author of the decentralist opus *Human Scale* (1980) doing in a place so manifestly built on an inhuman scale? "I live in the part of New York which airplane pilots call The Valley," says Sale, because the buildings are dwarfish by Manhattan standards and "trees can still be higher than buildings."

While to an outsider the very name Greenwich Village conjures up Sodom and Gonorrhea, as Archie Bunker should have said even if he didn't, Sale loves it for being a neighborly oasis in the concrete and steel desert of Manhattan. Its "winding, crazy little streets and eighteenth-century homes" harken back to "when Greenwich was still an independent village." (The burg had its own post-1898 independence movement, launched in 1916 at the Stanford White-designed Washington Arch. Its leader was Gertrude Drick, whose habit it was to pass out calling cards reading "Woe," so as to be able to say "Woe is me.")

"Much of the Village is still on the human scale," says Sale, who has lived in the same four-story brownstone for 37 years. His daughter and granddaughter now share his apartment, making it an old-fashioned three-generation household of the sort almost never found in white Manhattan. In the Village, one is struck by the almost complete absence of children, even as finicky men and costive women escort their sweatered doggies at aubade.

New York may well remain the Imperial City. But there is another way. Staten Island, by far the smallest and least urban of New York's boroughs, has trees, Republicans, and no subways. It joined Greater New York in 1898 and almost immediately had second thoughts. By 1900, patriots had formed the Staten Island Separation League, which swelled with members when in 1916 the city's sanitation department assigned a garbage dump to the piquantly named Fresh Kills area of the island. In time, Fresh Kills held 80 percent of the city's garbage. Robert Moses's 1964 Verrazano-Narrows Bridge brought not John Travolta but crime, crowding, and other blessings of urban life to Staten Island. Discontent spread.

"What we ought to do is tear down the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and get back to life the way it used to be," said 68-year-old retiree Katharine Winter several years ago. Heeding Winter, Staten Island tried to repeal Robert Moses and Imperial New York in one glorious swoop during the 1990s.

Within New York City, Staten Island had been kept from utter nullity by the Board of Estimate, on which each of the borough presidents had an equal vote, rather as the U.S. senator from Rhode Island has the same vote as a senator from California. In 1989, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the board violated the one-man, one-vote principle. Thereafter, Staten Island was stuck with just three representatives on New York's 51-member city council.

Staten Island's 400,000 citizens had one last, best hope: independence. In 1993, led by the "George Washington of Staten Island," the scholarly Republican-Conservative State Senator John Marchi, islanders voted two-to-one for freedom. (The *Times* editorial page rebuked the secessionists for their "passions.") State Assembly Democrats, however, insisted that the secession request had to come from the entire city, not just Staten Island. Meanwhile, Republicans, having just elected Rudy Giuliani thanks to the votes of Staten Islanders, were not all that eager to cut loose the island and its GOP voters, either. The free Staten Island movement drifted into limbo.

But defense of New York's independent patches of green, which had passed from Mailer to Marchi, next shifted to Maltese. Queens State Senator Serphin Maltese, a founder of the Conservative Party, proposed a secessionist referendum for *his* borough. Perhaps imperial New York will not last forever.

Men and women who truly love their little piece of New York have often looked kindly upon secession. John Tierney of the *New York Times* has recently revived the idea of an independent Brooklyn; Jane Jacobs, the influential urban writer, agrees that "Brooklyn and the other boroughs would all be better off on their own.... Big bureaucracies can't allow for the diversity and the experimentation that are essential to cities."

Novelist Thomas Wolfe, a displaced North Carolinian, once wrote in Brooklyn's famed dialect, "It'd take a guy a lifetime to know Brooklyn t'roo an' t'roo. An' even den, yuh wouldn't know it all." Wise New Yorkers protect their little green patches of the city for just this reason. They'd rather live on a block with neighbors than spend their days crossing bridges.

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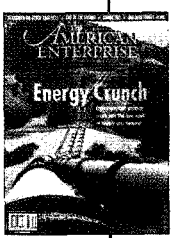

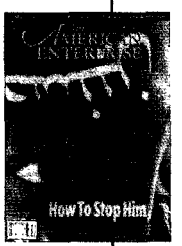

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By Fred Siegel

Ground Zero for Big Government

Special interest politics and the porkbarrel were invented in New York City

Over the last century, only one mayor of New York City—Rudy Giuliani—was opposed on principle to the growth of government. And after eight years in office even Giuliani left the city with 31,000 more workers than he came in with, plus a per capita debt twice as large as the average of other big American cities. New York City's 8 million people owe $42 billion in outstanding debt, while the entire state of California, with 35 million people, owes $25 billion.

There is an intimate connection between New York's bloated workforce, its colossal debt, and its mayoral politics. In a metropolis where no one group has ever been strong enough to dominate city hall, our mayors—whether dapper or dumpy, mild-mannered or menacing—have consistently used the city budget to paper over class, racial, and ethnic antagonisms. The result: a constantly expanding city government.

"I'm afraid I wasn't watching my speed, Officer—we're fleeing from New York."

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In the 1920s, "Gentleman" Mayor Jimmy Walker's solution to New York City's tensions was to legalize Sunday baseball, boxing, and movies. Promoted to mayor by Tammany Hall—the city's legendary Irish Catholic political machine—Walker was a snappy songwriter and Broadway Boulevardier who symbolized New York in the Jazz Age of the '20s. He rarely allowed his job to interfere with his social life, and he paid his personal bills with contributions from people who did business with the city.

Walker paid the city's bills by borrowing from the banks. By 1932, explains historian Martin Schefter, "one third of the entire city budget was devoted to debt service," and the municipality's total debt, conveniently financed by Wall Street just a few blocks from City Hall, "nearly equaled that of all the 48 states combined." The city, which had to borrow from banks just to pay the

Fred Siegel is a professor at New York's Cooper Union, and author of The Future Once Happened Here: N.Y., D.C., L.A., and the Fate of Big Cities.

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cops who were battling Communists in the streets in the '30s, was reduced to a ward of financier J. P. Morgan.

Driven from office by evidence of personal corruption, Walker left for Europe with his mistress. His temporary successor was John O'Brien, another loyal Tammany man. Asked who his police commissioner would be, O'Brien replied, "I don't know, they haven't told me yet."

In 1933, with the city suffering from 25 percent unemployment, Fiorello LaGuardia, who despised both the Tammany ethnic bosses and big businessmen, came in to clean up the mess. Elected with the backing of Republicans and anti-Tammany reformers, the 5'2" LaGuardia, who could curse in five languages, won with only 40 percent of the vote in a nasty three-way race. A tough campaigner who bragged "I invented the low blow," LaGuardia carried the day with an unlikely coalition of Italian plebeians, WASP patricians, and Jewish socialists. In the patronage-driven government he inherited, the surgeons hired for city hospitals by the ethnic bosses had to be tipped if you expected them to operate.

New York City politics has mostly been about striking caring poses while paying off the "activists" who could make trouble.

In the 1930s, it was joked that New York was the one part of the Soviet Union where open debate was possible. In the early 1940s, while the U.S. and USSR were allied against Hitler, a trade delegation from the Soviet Union came to visit New York's mayor dressed in diplomatic finery. LaGuardia, something of a socialist himself, looked at the Soviet diplomats and then at his own baggy pants and frayed shirt. "Gentlemen," he announced, "I represent the proletariat."

Denounced by critics as "the midget Mussolini," LaGuardia saw himself as a "sculptor" reshaping New York's future. He screamed and bullied his way into axings of patronage employees, put off the bankers, tried to promote more honest government by expanding civil service appointments, and allied himself enthusiastically with Franklin Roosevelt, making New York into "the New Deal city." LaGuardia became the first master at "milking money from the federal government," notes historian Thomas Kessner. He was in Washington twice a week, where he enjoyed extraordinary access to the President. Half-joking, FDR said of LaGuardia: "Our mayor is probably the most appealing person I know. He comes to Washington and tells me a sad story. The tears run down my cheeks and the first thing I know, he has wangled another $50 million."

LaGuardia had plenty of ideas on how to use the money. He hated lawyers, calling them the "semicolon boys," but loved architects and engineers, and funneled to them many federal grants to build the East River (now FDR) Drive, the Triborough Bridge, the Lincoln Tunnel, and the Queens Midtown Tunnel. But not even the bloom of federal money could keep up with the pace of the city's spending. So LaGuardia added an array of new taxes, and his comptroller, who dismissed deficits as "entirely a bookkeeping transaction," adopted the old Tammany policy of rolling one year's expenses over into the next year's budget.

The mayor didn't help matters with his relentless hostility to business. He pledged to make New York a "100 percent union city," and when businesses threatened to leave, he threatened to blacklist them. When a 1944 report spoke of "the alarming flight of industry to younger cities" creating "ghost neighborhoods" across his city, La Guardia responded with plans for even more public works.

LaGuardia shepherded the city through the dark days of the Depression, but left a very mixed legacy. Welfare costs per capita were well over twice as high in New York as in Chicago, and more than three times the level of Detroit. City spending under LaGuardia grew at three times the rate of the city's population, and debt ballooned *five and a half times* as fast. While Tammany's patronage hires could at least be fired, the vast ranks of civil service employees LaGuardia created were expensive, unaccountable, and untouchable. Every subsequent mayor would have to figure out how to work his way around them.

In most of America, fears of big government put a lid on the size and scope of the New Deal programs. In New York, all of LaGuardia's plans were premised on a permanently expanding New Deal throughout the post-World War II years. Surveying the city's finances in 1944, even left-wing New Dealer Rexford Tugwell was moved to warn that LaGuardia's policies of buying off voters and class strife with government largesse "made municipal bankruptcy inevitable."

By the late 1940s, Tammany had also wholeheartedly embraced the New Deal, and, with LaGuardia out of the picture, managed to regain City Hall by choosing an eleventh consecutive Irishman—World War II veteran Paul O'Dwyer—as its candidate for mayor. O'Dwyer led the city through a wave of post-war strikes, at a time when both left-wing politics and mob influence were at their peak. O'Dwyer was both a good leftist supporter of civil rights and deeply entangled with organized crime. Often there was little contradiction between his two loyalties.

In his classic essay "Crime as an American Way of Life," Daniel Bell notes that one reason urban machines could take left-wing stances is that they sometimes allowed the Mob to finance their campaigns rather than becoming beholden to "moneyed interests." A fast-moving but congested city built on an island of narrow streets and tall buildings, Gotham provided many opportunities for criminal shakedowns. At the time, it seemed not to matter all that much; the city barely shrugged when O'Dwyer was forced from office by prosecutors for his connections with Albert Anastasia of Murder Inc. and Frank Costello of both the Mob and Tammany. Like his Democratic predecessor Walker, O'Dwyer headed off into political exile

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with a beautiful young actress on his arm.

Apparently unfazed by O'Dwyer's disgrace, in 1953 city voters chose Tammany's candidate Robert Wagner, Jr. for mayor. He was the cautious son of the New Deal Senator famed for pushing pro-union legislation. Wagner, who served three terms from 1951 to 1965, was as upright as O'Dwyer was bent, but their New Deal liberalism was largely indistinguishable. Both men built hundreds of new schools, playgrounds, public housing projects, and hospitals.

In most of the U.S., rent control laws were a temporary response to World War II. In New York, the emergency never ended. Rent control became permanent, and so did the city's housing shortages. With the lowest home-ownership rate of any big city, landlord-tenant politics became the new class battleground. Candidates for city office would feverishly accuse their opponents of being soft on landlords or weak on rent control. In 1958, Wagner injected union struggles into city government when he signed an act making New York the first city to give its public employees the opportunity to unionize.

Between a unionized municipal work force and endless public works projects, the city was forced repeatedly to raise taxes and borrow. There was no choice, claimed Wagner, since "human needs are greater than budgetary needs." It was a problem that would culminate during the disastrous days of John Lindsay from 1966 to 1973.

Lindsay, a handsome man who cut a dashing political figure, was celebrated by the national press as the second coming of JFK. He ran for mayor in 1965 with joint backing from Republican and Democratic "reformers" and the leftists of New York City's Liberal Party, promising to get the city moving after the supposed stagnation of the Wagner mayoralty. In fact, the city was in the midst of an economic boom.

The race was a three-way contest between Lindsay, Democrat Abe Beame (who was almost as liberal as Lindsay, but as short and drab as his opponent was glamorous), and conservative William F. Buckley, Jr. Much of what Buckley campaigned on, such as workfare for welfare recipients and enterprise zones for poor neighborhoods, is now mainstream, but Lindsay and Beame painted him as a dangerous fascist who would set up concentration camps in New York.

Lindsay won with a slim backing of 43 percent. Elected by Manhattanites, he treated New York's outer-borough Catholics as right-wing racists. Lindsay made every issue a matter of race. Whites fearful of rapidly rising murder rates, or critical when the mayor intentionally doubled the welfare rolls, were dismissed as bigots.

Lindsay's greatest boast was that New York never suffered a riot on the level of Los Angeles or Detroit. That's true; instead there was, as historian Vincent Cannato notes, a nearly continuous stream of smaller riots in East Harlem, the East Village, Flatbush, Brownsville, and Bedford-Stuyvesant, not to mention numerous scuffles at City Hall. As a mayoral aide noted: "We had some major problems. We always called them disturbances. Molotov cocktails were always designated as unidentified objects...and the press would go along with it." This was the swampy ground which initiated Al Sharpton into city politics.

Worst Mayor Ever

By Michael Barone

New York City mayor John Lindsay was the most disastrous American public official in the second half of the twentieth century. New York City lost a million people during his mayoralty, as people voted with their feet. In addition, Lindsay did damage that went far beyond the city limits.

He deserves credit for a certain heedless daring. After all, this was a man who wrote his college thesis on Oliver Cromwell, then ran for public office in a city filled with fiercely ethnic Irish Catholics. I would guess it didn't even occur to Lindsay that that might be a political problem—because he didn't know any Irish Catholics, except maids. And he didn't care about maids, and certainly didn't like their values.

In January 1966, during his first month in office, I wrote an article about Lindsay called "The New Snobbery." I warned that the alliance he was building between New York's Upper East Side elites and black and Puerto Rican activists projected real hostility toward the great middle class that was then a clear majority of New Yorkers. This was a man who didn't know New York City, and who never won a plurality outside of Manhattan. Manhattan supplied the winning majority for him in both his wins for mayor. The other four boroughs rejected him in 1965 and 1969.

Three Republican mayors had a big impact on the city. They had very different backgrounds. Fiorello LaGuardia, while from Manhattan, had a real knowledge of the outer boroughs. Rudolph Giuliani grew up on Long Island, but went to high school in Brooklyn. He is also kind of an outer-borough type of guy. For John Lindsay, the outer boroughs were where you went on the way to the airport.

And Lindsay had a real contempt for middle-class people in New York, as well as for their values. His win could be considered a triumph of the beautiful people over the dutiful people. This man helped lead American liberals into open contempt for middle-class virtues of thrift, steadiness, obedience to law, and personal responsibility. He had a terrifically negative effect not just on New York City but on the entire nation.

Lindsay was one of the lead authors of the Kerner Commission Report. Issued in 1968 in response to the race riots that had ripped urban America over the previous year, this report was one of the most faulty documents ever given authoritative status by American leaders. It, among other things, asserted that blacks can't be expected to rise because there will no longer be any low-income jobs in America. Tell that to the mil-

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In the famous phrase of Tom Wolfe, the administration's governing principle was "steam control." When parks commissioner August Heckscher, an aristocratic counterculturalist, was asked about torn-up meadows, he explained that "vandalism...was simply a way in which certain elements of my constituency used the parks.... Some people liked to sit on the benches; others like to tear them up."

When key Lindsay aide Barry Gottehrer put the Yippies' Abbie Hoffman on the payroll as a "community liaison," Hoffman and friends repaid him by writing giant "F—k You"s on the walls of Grand Central Station. But the city kept paying him and Hoffman used the money to subsidize his book *F—k the System*.

New York City's 8 million people owe $42 billion in debt, while the entire state of California, with 35 million people, owes $25 billion.

Every organized group tried to shake down the mayor. Most succeeded. Lindsay was forced to buy off the rapidly growing unions with higher pay for less work. This, along with the fast-rising costs of welfare, and the flight of business and productive talent to other locales—the city lost 600,000 jobs in Lindsay's wake—sent the city spiraling once again toward bankruptcy. The Lindsay administration manufactured the very poverty that it claimed to be alleviating.

Soon banks refused to lend New York any more money. The roof finally fell in on Lindsay's hapless successor Abe Beame, who was forced to spend 70 percent of his first budget simply to pay off the short-term debt acquired to pay for the unprecedented social spending and union contracts of his two predecessors. But Beame didn't blame them. Instead, notes journalist Ken Auletta, Beame "blamed in order: the banks, state Senate Republican leader Anderson, President Ford, and finally the press." In 1977, the liberal Beame was defeated after one term by Ed Koch.

Koch, the second Jewish mayor in succession, was the first New York City executive in memory to say "no" to the interest groups. He described himself as "a liberal with sanity," as opposed to the "wackos." He initially pruned the payroll and helped rescue the city from near bankruptcy. But he ran up against the underside of LaGuardia's legacy when he tried to reform the civil service system. In 1978, New York City counted more than 39,000 different civil service job titles in 243 occupational groups (the entire federal government had 22 occupational groups). Koch fought for less rigid and more efficient work rules in transit, even willing to take a subway strike, and he tried to reduce numerous cases of fraud on the welfare rolls. But in the face of union opposition his reform efforts died on the vine.

Koch didn't do much substantively about crime, but when heckled for being too tough on criminals by a white liberal who had moved to a suburb where crime was only one tenth as high as in the central city neighborhoods.

Crime boomed, and millions became victims. New York's crime rate was increasing even before Lindsay became mayor, but his arrival inaugurated a striking rise in crime, leading to the destruction of large parts of New York City. Places like the South Bronx, Brownsville, and big sections of Harlem were virtually wiped off the map. Buildings were abandoned, vandalized, or torched. Whole blocks emptied out. Middle-class people, lower-middle-class people, working-class people, anybody making a living moved out. The neighborhoods were then patrolled by criminals.

This pattern continued in New York City and other American central cities more or less up through the 1990s. Only now, after a long generation of living with the disastrous policies of people like Lindsay, are New Yorkers and other Americans creating a different set of expectations and habits. As a result we've seen welfare go down; we've seen crime go down. We're getting out of the truly horrible situation that New York mayor John Lindsay, more than any other single individual, helped to create.

lions of immigrants who have come here in the 34 years since.

But through his public policies in New York City and his national leadership in the Kerner Report and other venues, Lindsay managed to create a new mindset among a large number of Americans. This frame of mind held that we must expect poor people and black people to commit crime. Their criminality is a justified rebellion against the evils that have been visited upon them. We must expect low-income people and minorities to go on welfare. Lindsay's welfare commissioner, Mitchell Ginsberg, eliminated almost all eligibility requirements for welfare. He was known as "Come and Get it Ginsberg." The city administration made welfare payments to anybody who applied. Lindsay held that increasing welfare rolls was a good thing. It was a sign of government righting a social wrong.

Just as the Lindsay-era liberals believed welfare dependency was inevitable, they thought high crime was also unavoidable. In fact, they suggested you must be a pretty weak person if you didn't enjoy living in the city because of high crime rates. (Of course the people making this argument were mostly upper-income liberals with private doormen in the best neighborhoods; they were taxi customers instead of subway riders, and otherwise insulated from feeling many of the results of their bravado.) These Lindsay-ites insisted you were a racist if you

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been mugged, he replied "mug him again." When asked critically about his attempt to lower the height requirements for the police department in order to encourage more Puerto Rican officers, Koch replied "did you ever see a 5'2" Puerto Rican with a gun?"

In his first term, Koch insisted that "the main job of city government is to create a climate in which private business can expand in the city, and not to provide jobs on the public payroll." But then the city economy began to benefit from the financial deregulation and economic boom of the Reagan years. From 1981 through 1986 Manhattan acquired approximately 45 million square feet of new commercial space, an area equal to the space of Boston and San Francisco combined. Koch as mayor, and later Cuomo as governor, couldn't help but do well; it was raining gold. His tax coffers overflowing, Koch the hardheaded reformer was replaced by Koch the conventional New York politician who made peace with "the New Tammany Hall"—the collection of social welfare agencies, "community" activists, civil libertarians, and public employee unionists who feed off of the city payroll.

The early Koch had worried about the impact of "the poverty industry" and "poverty pimps." Now, the mayor used the "new patronage" of billions of dollars in social service contracts to buy off black, labor, and Latino criticism. In the last six years of Koch's administration, all the jobs that had been pruned during the fiscal crisis of the 1970s were returned to the city payroll,

Rabble-Rousing King

By Harry Siegel

After two decades of rumbling rhetoric and ruined lives, Al Sharpton, New York City's master of radical street theater, remains a subject of media attention far disproportionate to his accomplishments. His disasters forgotten, his apologists at the *New York Times* and elsewhere proclaiming him a changed man, he is now morphing into the role of statesman, staging press conferences and demonstrations, holding court with office holders and seekers, asking the first question at Democratic Presidential primary debates, and otherwise putting on shows of position and power. Like Zsa-Zsa Gabor, Sharpton is famous because he says he is, and for giving good camera. And now he's taking his act nationwide—preparing to run in the 2004 Democratic primary for President of the United States.

For a while, it appeared as though Sharpton's time in the limelight was up. When Rudolph Giuliani edged David Dinkins out of office in 1993, he, unlike his predecessor, refused to play ball with Sharpton. The Giuliani years brought precipitous drops in both crime and use of deadly force by police, a sharp economic upswing in poor and minority areas (faster than in the city as a whole), and record levels of black home ownership.

Where this might have threatened a less-determined man with irrelevance, Sharpton continued to thrive in the role of powerful leader who voices the anger and resentment of those who feel dispossessed by obscure yet terrible forces.

Since 1996, Sharpton's organization, the National Action Network, has been based at the House of Justice at 125th Street and Madison Avenue. Outside, merchants sell writings by Marcus Garvey and Malcolm X. Inside the main hall, where Sharpton holds his weekly Saturday rally, the wood-paneled wall behind the podium is pierced by two stained glass windows, a hint of church for the Pentecostal minister without a parish. The Saturday rallies, broadcast live by radio and played later on Manhattan cable TV, attract about 200 people, mainly regulars. Sharpton's actual movement consists of little more than these few hundred, though he has borrowed bodies for protests from Leonora Fulani's cult-like New Alliance Party.

The first week I attended, two older women, waiting for the proceedings to begin, began complaining, apropos of nothing, about the "injustice" done to the rapists who gang-raped and nearly killed a woman in the notorious Central Park jogger case a few years ago. The next week, the same ladies were there again, still talking about how "our boys" are mistreated.

Al arrives. "No justice," he calls out. "No peace," responds the crowd. This is the group's slogan, and it is called back and forth at rising volume and tempo until leader and audience conclude: "What do we want?" "Justice!" "When do we want it?" "Now!"

This weekly opening hardly allows for racial harmony, as Sharpton must always find some injustice to protest. This week in February he begins by comparing the recent overturning of the police brutality verdicts in the Abner Louima trial to the 1848 Dred Scott decision. "The black man today," he asserts, "has no rights the white man need respect."

Sharpton was quiet for a while after September 11. But then in November 2001, at the "State of Black America" conference in Atlanta, he thundered against the patriotic current: "We don't owe America anything; America owes us." (This got a big hand.)

Blacks who disagree with Sharpton are traitors, he tells the crowd: "Any time you see a community that has consensus on an issue, and you find people that get out of step with that, that's the ones you know that ain't interested in you." When I later ask Sharpton to elaborate, he warns against betraying "the cause." "When you have guys that sit in positions of visibility or influence, and all they use it for is to attack the movement, those are the coons and toms I'm talking about."

Black Sharpton critic Michael Myers, head of the New York Civil Rights Coalition (for which I briefly worked), describes Sharpton as "a man with no accomplishments other than his press clips." Sharpton himself judges his accomplishments in words, not deeds, claiming as his most significant accomplishment "that I helped to revive a social justice grassroots movement. The results: We were able to make racial profiling the civil rights issue of the latter part of the 1990s."

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without any noticeable improvement in city services.

In his third term, a time of rising street crime, a series of corruption scandals and racial incidents erupted. Koch was personally honest, but his allies—the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens Democratic Party leaders—notes historian Chris McNickle, were caught up in "bribery, extortion, thievery, and influence peddling." One of the malefactors, Stanley Friedman, actually had a sign in his office that read "Crime does not pay…as well as politics."

Hard on the heels of the corruption scandals came two ugly racial incidents. In one, young white thugs chased a black man to his death in oncoming traffic. In another, other thugs beat a black teen to death. With racial animosity at a boil, Tawana Brawley, a troubled black teen trying to avoid a brutal stepfather, lied that she had been kidnapped and raped by white cops. Al Sharpton achieved national prominence as Brawley's spokesman.

In the wake of this turmoil, the courtly David Dinkins, candidate of the black and Latino "New Tammany Hall," defeated Koch in the Democratic primary, and then former federal prosecutor Rudy Giuliani in the 1989 general election, to become New York's first black mayor. A taller, better-dressed version of Abe Beame, Dinkins proved he had learned nothing from the debacle of the Lindsay-Beame era. He claimed that Koch hadn't done

Sharpton's most notorious debacle was as advisor to Tawana Brawley, the black teen who accused white cops of raping her. Despite clear evidence that she lied, Sharpton refuses to apologize to the men he slandered. "They are asking me to grovel," he told the *Village Voice*. "They want black children to say a black man coming out of the hard core ghetto was forced to his knees."

In 1991, Sharpton was stabbed by a white racist while leading a march through Bensonhurst to protest the light sentence of the white murderers of black Yusef Hawkins, which he says began his transformation to higher ground. "I got stabbed," says Sharpton, "and I lay in that hospital and said to myself, 'You've got to…deal with politics.' A year later I ran for U.S. Senate while under tax indictment in Albany, and I beat Liz Holtzman and got 15 percent of the vote."

Yet Sharpton has always reverted to form. In a 1995 tenant-landlord dispute involving a Jewish-owned store, Sharpton's group supported a daily boycott led by an escaped mental patient who had beaten three murder raps and threatened the establishment with "war" and "fire." The picketers ranted about "blood-sucking Jews," and branded black shoppers "traitors." At the picket line, Sharpton warned on black radio station WWRL of "a systemic and methodical strategy to eliminate our people from doing business off 125th Street," and called the store-owner a "white interloper."

In January 1996, picket-line regular Abubunde Mulock entered the store with a .38 pistol and shot three whites and a Pakistani before setting the store ablaze, killing seven more people. When confronted with his remarks, Sharpton hedged, deciding he regretted saying "white," but not "interloper."

Sharpton rehabilitated himself from this horror (which was almost entirely ignored by the *New York Times*) by attaching himself to a high-profile victim: Amadou Diallo, the African immigrant shot to death by jittery police officers hunting for a rapist. Sharpton spearheaded 13 days of organized protests, culminating in 1,100 choreographed arrests, including practically all of the city's black political leaders plus former mayors Ed Koch and David Dinkins and several white celebrities. Just as media attention was dying down, Abner Louima was attacked in a Brooklyn police station, and Sharpton was back in the headlines as Louima's righteous advisor.

As political analyst Jim Chapin notes, Sharpton's runs for office, dating back to 1992, have consistently attracted 130,000 to 135,000 votes in New York City, while the total number of votes cast has steadily shrunk from 650,000 to under 400,000. Sharpton's power has grown even if his vote totals haven't.

By virtue of media attention, he has become something of a king-maker, or king-killer. After Mark Green defeated Sharpton-supported Fernando Ferrer in the Democratic primary for New York City mayor last year, Sharpton suggested blacks sit out the election, which helped elect Michael Bloomberg—who went to see Sharpton right after taking office. As Hillary Clinton ran for Senate she visited Sharpton, once in jail and once at his headquarters. Senator Charles Schumer has also paid his respects. When Al Gore and Bill Bradley debated in Harlem, Sharpton asked the first question. Bradley announced onstage, "This is where justice lies," and recited "No justice. No peace." Recently, Democratic National Committee chairman Terry McAuliffe proclaimed that anyone criticizing Sharpton wasn't welcome in his party.

Sharpton has met with Janet Reno, and shared the stage with President Clinton at a Justice Department conference on police misconduct. He has taken these repeated images of powerful liberals making pilgrimages to genuflect before him and skillfully turned them into genuine political capital. Now he thinks he's saved up enough to run for President.

Asked why he would run for an office he has no chance of being elected to, Sharpton answers, "The guys who have been most influential in our community have not always been office holders. The influence is when people in power know you can affect their being in power, because you can influence their victory margin."

"People complain I run for something I can't win," Sharpton states, pausing for effect. "How do they know what I'm trying to win?"

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"Pardon me, Officer. Could you direct us to the New York that's illustrated in this brochure?"

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enough for the poor, and, inheriting a softening national economy, raised taxes to pay for increased social spending and employment for his new ethnic patronage spoils. This helped send the city into a deep recession in which it lost 330,000 jobs—one quarter of the national total. Once again New York City was teetering on the edge of bankruptcy.

Elected as a racial healer, Dinkins was bedeviled by racial incidents from the start. A few months after he took office a group of black thugs who had been involved in small-business shakedowns in Brooklyn began a boycott of a Korean grocery, complete with signs about "Slant-eyed monkeys," that went on for six months. The *New York Times* refused to cover it, and Dinkins did his best to ignore it.

The Korean boycott set the administration on a path toward future incidents, like the Dominican drug-runners riot in Washington Heights. The riot was precipitated by a struggle between a cop and drug dealer in which the dealer was killed. Dinkins treated the death as a matter of police racial bias—he even paid for the funeral—only to have a video surface of the dealer waving a bag of cocaine while proclaiming Washington Heights "a liberated zone." Then came the Crown Heights riot—where the death of a black child in a traffic accident set off three days of anti-Semitic pillaging and the street lynching of a young yeshiva student. Inexplicably, Dinkins restrained the police for three days until a police commander took it upon himself to end the violence.

New York seemed on the verge of collapse. In the closing years of the Dinkins administration, tourists stayed away in droves, while many businesses and residents raced, evacuation-like, for the exits. Yet even amidst this emergency, New Yorkers elected Rudolph Giuliani as the new mayor in 1993 only by a hair. Dinkins' loss was greeted, naturally, by threats of new riots.

Mayor Giuliani brought New York City back from the very brink of calamity. At the time he took office, one young liberal Democrat worried that "the idea of addressing New Yorkers as citizens with potentially common public interests, rather than as members of various constituencies (blacks, gays, Latinos), seems to have been vacuumed out of the

New York's Miserable Schools

By Deroy Murdock

The New York Police Department regularly hosts cops from around the world to explain how it successfully slashed crime. Gotham's Board of Education should launch a similar program—to show visiting administrators how *not* to run a school system.

But the Board probably couldn't teach even that. New York City's public schools epitomize academic failure, fiscal excess, institutional corruption and a wall of excuses that educrats erect whenever anyone demands better. With 1.1 million students, 80,000 teachers and 1,200 schools, the city boasts the nation's largest school system. When it comes to public education, if you can break it there, you can break it anywhere.

• In last spring's citywide tests of third-, fifth-, sixth-, and seventh-graders, 58 percent failed reading. A stunning 69 percent flunked math.

• The Board's five-year, $7 billion school-construction budget is $2.8 billion in the red after just two years. Some $200 million simply vanished. "The modem never worked properly," explained the spokeswoman for a Board president who failed to track the funds properly, despite access to a Web site devoted to project outlays.

• While government school teachers make between $31,000 and $70,000 annually, custodians earn $58,000 to $87,000. Through overtime and work at multiple campuses, the Board's top ten custodians each received between $117,257 and $126,887 last year. At least five custodians outearn their schools' principals.

• The Board employs people who shouldn't be near kids. Psychiatrist Franklin Simon was hired to teach high school biology even though, officials say, he twice lost his medical license for propositioning patients, flashing a female physician, and discharging a gun in his office. Of the 322 teachers

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city." In New York City, countered one political consultant, race "isn't just part of politics, it *is* politics." New York City politics was mostly about striking caring poses while paying off the "activists" who could make trouble for the mayor. But Giuliani governed in terms of "one standard, one city."

LaGuardia-like in his mercurial, overbearing temperament and civic zeal, Giuliani became the very first mayor to break with the city's political orthodoxy. He refused to accept that high crime, high taxes, and an unworkable government were simply facts of New York City life. He made "the ungovernable city" governable again. Arguing for a smaller, more efficient, and affordable government, he reduced the heavily redundant work force. He refused to bargain with racial racketeers like Al Sharpton—who had held the city in thrall during the Dinkins years. Working with his police commissioner Bill Bratton, he used "Broken Windows" policing, among other tactics, to restore the rule of law.

> **The city budget has consistently been used to paper over class, racial, and ethnic antagonisms.**

Giuliani's enemies—and they were legion in the media and the political class—warned that his crime-fighting techniques would lead to a police state, and that his welfare reforms would leave people dying in the streets. Instead came record-breaking declines in both crime and welfare rates. Despite a few high profile instances of police misconduct, the sharp decrease in street crime was actually accompanied by an even more remarkable drop in the police use of violence. And the new safety of the streets, along with the decline in welfare dependency, revived moribund neighborhoods across the metropolis.

For many years "we blocked the genius of America," Giuliani explained, "for the poorest people in New York." In a city where the reigning liberal policies and politics had been based on the assumption that the pathological was routine, Giuliani substituted upward mobility as the defining ideal and credo of municipal government. He embraced the goal of giving people a chance to make better lives for themselves.

But not even the oversized personality of Rudy Giuliani, the immoderate centrist, could break entirely from the New York conventions. Despite his early efforts, government began to grow again during his second term in office. The rising costs of government, plus the 2001 recession and the damage inflicted by September 11, left Giuliani's successor with a huge budget deficit.

New York's new chief executive, mild-mannered billionaire "just call me Mike" Bloomberg, got elected the old-fashioned way—by exploiting ethnic antagonisms and buying votes. And 9/11 recovery aside, the problems he faces are the perennials of New York politics: a big budget gap, and a revamped Tammany itchy to reassert its claims on the city's treasury.

Possibly, the city has learned a thing or two from its traumatic experiences over the last eight decades, and will do a better job of navigating the shoals this time around. On behalf of all of urban America, we must hope so. For with its 1990s revival, and then its September 11 sacrifices, New York has become a symbol of urban America's hopes. If New York falters, the rest of urban America is likely to falter with it.

and administrators slated by the Board for termination since 1997, only 23 were actually sacked.

• In one respect, New York's schools stand at the top of the heap: segregation. New York, says Gary Orfield, author of a recent Harvard study, "leads the pack in intense segregation of both black and Hispanic students." This is because Gotham's whites have flocked to private and suburban schools and left only non-whites behind in the failed public schools.

Not even Rudy Giuliani could tame the city schools. He advocated vouchers, higher standards, and greater accountability, but recalcitrant bureaucrats eluded every advance.

The victims of this tragicomedy are students, many of them lower-income kids with limited life chances. Instead of being concerned for them, New York's Board of Education cares only about budgets, payrolls, and union contracts. "It's not working because there's not enough money," Schools Chancellor Harold Levy (whose own children attend the elite, private Dalton School) recently bellowed. He lamented the Board's $12.3 billion "shoestring" budget—$9,739 per pupil—which financed an on-time high school graduation rate of 49.9 percent of seniors (fully 19 percent of the Class of 2000 dropped out of school altogether).

In contrast, the Catholic Archdiocese of New York (covering Manhattan, the Bronx, and Staten Island) graduated 98 percent of its 12th-graders (many of them from poor families) on time, with 89 percent advancing on to college. Fewer than 1 percent dropped out. Per-pupil cost: $5,500 for secondary and $3,200 for primary schools.

While New York's Board of Education teaches its students little, it clearly offers one lesson to any outsider willing to listen: Don't try this at home.

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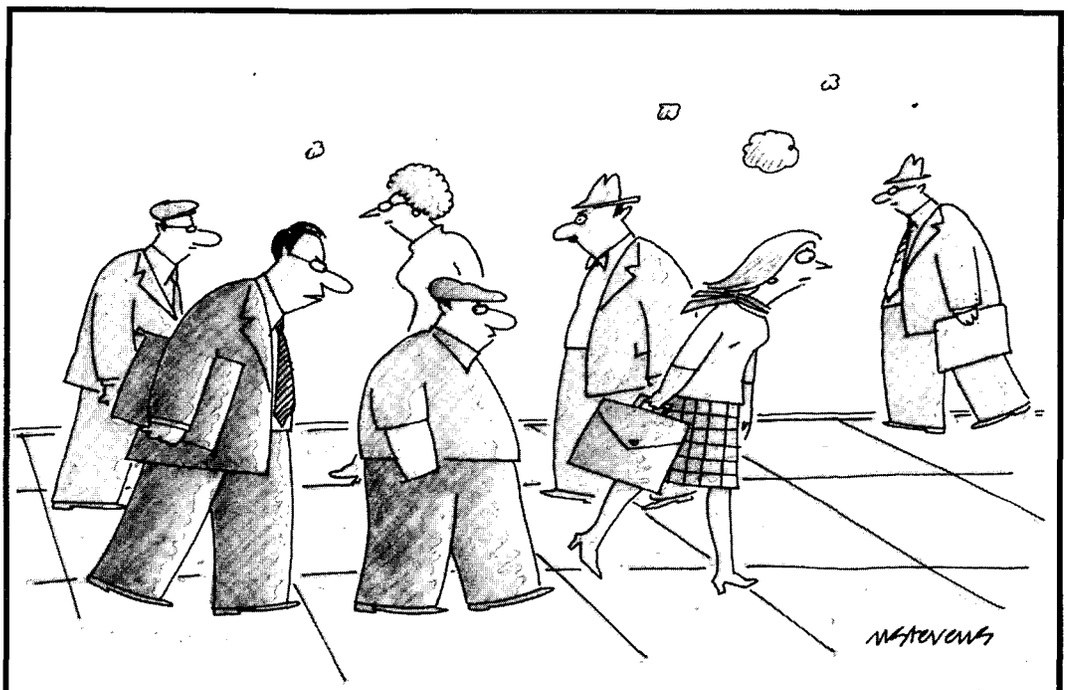
Time to Think Small?

To remain a business capital, New York City needs more humility

By Joel Kotkin

John Shaw sits in the very midst of the beating heart of New York City, on the busy trading floor of a midtown financial firm. President of Jefferies and Company, a Wall Street trading business, he's a prototypical New Yorker—fast-talking, smart, quick on his feet, and, for now, worried about his city's future.



"Could you walk a little faster, buddy? This is New York."

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Like many, if not most, top executives in New York, Shaw lives elsewhere, in his case tony Westport, Connecticut. Now he notices that many of his top-drawer colleagues are giving up their second residences in Manhattan in favor of the suburbs, and that even some of his younger traders are pressing him—often at their wives' insistence—to work in offices elsewhere in the region. Thirty-five people from his Manhattan office are already getting transfers to the company's Stamford, Connecticut facility.

Some of this, he notes, is residue from September 11. "It tipped many people over the fence toward moving to the suburbs," Shaw maintains. "Now people are thinking about living a different way of life."

But other longer-term factors are also having an influence. Shaw notes that with new telecom technology a firm like Jefferies (with 538 employees in the New York City area, but only a third of them in Manhattan) no longer has a classic hub and spoke hierarchy. "None of our offices is a branch," he explains. "Each is interactive and equal within the firm." Instead of all heavy hitters concentrated in New York, the company's talent is scattered. The chief strategist resides in Boston. The chairman lives in Los Angeles. The CEO is in Stamford.

This is not merely an effect of the Twin Towers attack. It reflects lifestyle choices of people to live elsewhere, including far from New York City. Jefferies has long had a policy of allowing most of its top executives to work outside the confines of Manhattan, and the firm maintains large offices in places ranging from Short Hills, New Jersey to Nashville, Los Angeles, Rich-

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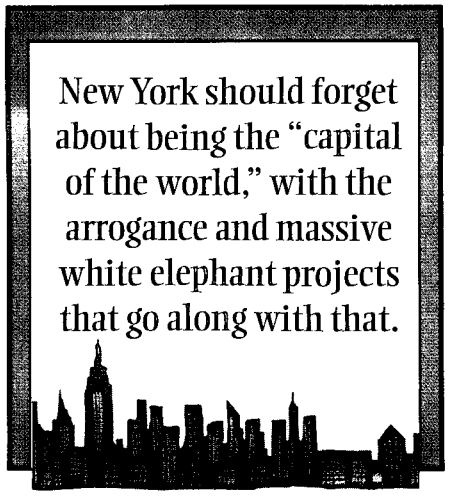
mond, San Francisco, and Dallas.

"There are a lot of people who love this business but want to be elsewhere," Shaw says. "They don't want to schlep to New York City. We get people to work for us who we couldn't get otherwise by giving them other living options."



For many Americans, particularly the young, single, and culturally active, New York City remains an entrancing locale. Because of this magnetic effect, Manhattan boasts one of the nation's most educated populations (a sharp contrast to the demographics of the surrounding boroughs). These infusions of outside talent remain an essential economic asset of the city.

But while intelligence still gathers in New York, moving to Mecca is no longer necessary for the majority of America's most talented people. Back in mid-century, a trader at a firm like Jefferies, or anyone with ambitions in advertising, communications, fashion, publishing, or a host of other professions, had no choice but to live in New York. That is no longer the case. Levels of education in many regions—from northern Virginia to Boulder, Colorado—now exceed those in Manhattan.

The same is true for companies. Many which historically gravitated to Wall Street and midtown Manhattan now can operate just as well from elsewhere. Some urban theorists, such as Susan Fainstein and Saskia Sassen, maintain that "global cities" like New York may be able to resist this scattering trend. They argue that the rising importance of transnational information of various sorts, such as legal, accounting, and management services, increases the need for "centralized command and control," from a geographic epicenter.

Recent experience and today's technological revolution, however, make such assumptions somewhat dubious. Throughout the 1990s, high-end services, particularly finance, have continued to see employment shifts toward the periphery. Even New York City's expensive decision to spend an estimated $900 million on a new stock trading complex won't guarantee Gotham's long-term domination of the financial service industry.

And financial services is one area where New York is *best* equipped to stay competitive. In many other economic undertakings the case is closed on New York's advantages. The nation's largest corporation, Wal-Mart, operates flawlessly out of Bentonville, Arkansas. Virtually all dominant American high-tech companies—Microsoft, Apple, Dell, Cisco, Hewlett-Packard, Intel—are based on the West Coast or in Texas. The nation's largest port is now Los Angeles, which is also home to the nation's biggest garment industry. And the creative focus of entertainment worldwide lies in the Big Orange, not the Big Apple.

Increasingly, for more and more industries, it can no longer be assumed that the key players will locate in New York. Instead of migrating to critical physical institutions like exchanges, the prime economic imperative of many companies will be to find individual employees with the necessary knowledge and work habits, regardless of their location. In our post-industrial era, skilled jobs across a wide range of creative fields are essentially becoming artisan work, which can, and will, often be done from remote locales.

Post-9/11 security concerns, soaring insurance premiums for high-rise buildings, and a growing reluctance of workers with families to locate in downtown districts are accelerating the trend. Finally, there are the longstanding discouragements of heavy taxes, inflexible regulation, and age-old urban social problems. The cumulative result can be seen in the recent moves of several major investment banks like Goldman Sachs, Marsh & McLennan, and Morgan Stanley to settings outside New York City.

Jonathan Bowles, research director at the Manhattan-based Center for an Urban Future, suggests that all of this will require a new, more humble mindset on the part of New York City's leaders. In particular, the city needs a greater focus on the fundamental issues that attract or repel people and companies. He suggests that the vainglorious fixation of many New Yorkers on their city's position as "capital of the world" should be one of the first things to go. "The arrogance has to change," Bowles believes. "For a long time we assumed that every major financial company needed to be in New York. Now that's not true. New York cannot afford to lay back."

New York City's hubris grows out of its past greatness and the remarkable ability of the city to maintain much of its status even in the face of the dispersing trends that dominated the last 50 years of American life. The heart of the city's greatness is that it has always been, first and foremost, a capitalist city. From its origins, New York has been a supremely commercial city (much like its original namesake, Amsterdam). New York was described by one observer in the early eighteenth century as "infatuated with trade." In contrast to Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia, New York's social system was dominated early on by a high-spending pleasure-minded acquisitive class devoted to material accumulation.

New York's other great endowment was its magnificent harbor location and connection to the Hudson River, which after the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 provided easy access to the great American hinterland to the west and north. No other eastern city save Baltimore had anything remotely as ideal for commerce. The port of New York became the nation's busiest in 1800, and by 1860 accounted

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for two-thirds of all imports to America.

This trade quickly transformed New York into the nation's commercial capital, and, by 1803, its most populated city. The city's merchant class congregated close to the wharves, and in the nearby area around Wall Street there grew "a veritable congregation of businessmen"—traders, financiers, insurers—clustered together in packed streets where they could arbitrage not only goods but also critical information. This provided the seedbed for the city's development into the nation's commercial front door.

New York needs to become more decentralized. Thriving districts that have their own culture and workforces must be encouraged in the outer boroughs.

These predominantly commercial—as opposed to industrial—origins helped New York adapt more successfully to post-industrial realities than other American cities. Although it also developed a powerful manufacturing economy, which once employed millions, the economic soul of the metropolis remained concentrated in the transactional and informational as-pects of the economy. As a result, as the new millennium opened, New York still dominated many key sectors like financial services, law, advertising, and media.

Today, four of the top six accounting firms, six of the ten biggest consulting companies, five of the largest insurance companies, and all ten top securities firms are still headquartered in Manhattan. New York remains home base for two of the three largest television networks and the biggest media company (AOL-Time Warner), as well as the news operations of most of the others. These clusters of high-end services—as well as tourism, which has grown into a massive industry—have helped the city find a new role. That was badly needed in the face of a mass exodus of other large corporations from New York over the past three decades. In 1970, New York accounted for 131 of the Fortune 500; in the twenty-first century, the city claims little more than a quarter of the firms it had 32 years ago.

But this economic evolution has not come without a price. New York City's growing dependence on a handful of service industries has created an unusually bifurcated economy that offers great riches in some areas yet relatively little opportunity for vast portions of the city's population. The outer boroughs, once bastions of the white middle and working classes, have retained a preponderance of poor families. In Brooklyn and The Bronx, notes economist Robert Fitch, per capita family income is currently closer to the levels seen in inner Detroit than to the levels in Manhattan. As high as Manhattan stands in national income and education rankings, The Bronx sits close to the bottom.

New York's 1990s boom ameliorated some aspects of this "tale of two cities," while worsening others. The Wall Street bull market and the wild expansion of Internet firms created so much disposable wealth and drove housing prices so high that some neighborhoods in the outer boroughs—Williamsburg, Long Island City, Astoria—had tremendous increases in property values, and more new commercial development than had been seen in generations. Although New York's loud and dominant liberal intelligensia liked to portray Giuliani-era prosperity as "class warfare," the reality is that most poor and minority residents benefited from the growth. In neighborhoods such as heavily black Fort Green near the notorious Bedford-Stuyvesant slums, homeowners reaped huge benefits in higher real estate values. And driven both by new immigrants and aspiring young transplants, New York's total population soared by almost 700,000—the first big increase after decades of stagnation and decline.

Up until the 1950s and '60s, lower Manhattan boasted one of the nation's most vibrant collections of small industrial firms. These diverse enterprises, many of them employing 30 people or less, were involved in servicing local markets or processing imports and exports. The city's major industry, textiles and garments, was especially dominated by smaller firms. (Apparel manufacturing was never characterized by the kind of giantism associated with industries like steel or automobiles.) Collectively, these small firms kept New York City alive as a manufacturing metropolis, even as centers of mass assembly such as Detroit fell into decline, and they were a key employer of non-college-educated workers and recently arrived immigrants.

But by the 1970s there were clear signs of stress. Rising taxes, unfriendly regulation, declining public services, crime, and a general indifference to small businesses in New York were slowly undermining these firms. As recently as 1960, New York City's manufacturing industries employed over 900,000 workers. By 1974 that number had dropped to 610,000. Two decades later it was down to around 280,000. The manufacturing losses were most profound in the outlying boroughs—The Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens—but large swaths of lower Manhattan were also affected.

For landlords in certain locations who were stuck with these dying industries as tenants, the broad urban recovery of the 1990s was like manna from heaven. With rents rising in elite business districts such as Wall Street and midtown, new employers and would-be residents sought out (initially low-cost) space carved from former industrial zones. (The barriers to fresh building are so massive in New York that most real estate expansion comes from adaptive re-use of existing structures.) And so the former workshops of blue-collar

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New Yorkers were converted into commercial offices and expensive residences.

As many New Economy companies chose locations in old industrial areas rather than traditional locations, the supply could not keep up with the demand, and prices rose precipitously—from as low as $8 per square foot to as much as $50. Even the legendary garment district has been transformed—and hit by soaring rents. Just since 1993, the proportion of Manhattan's private workforce employed in garment-making dropped by roughly a quarter.

For garment-makers, printers, and some other industrial users, the newfound passion for these older buildings has been less a blessing than a scourge. "We've been hit with rent inflation that is driving industries like printing out of town," laments Vicky Kennan, vice president of public affairs for the 600-member Association of Graphic Communications. Many of the Internet-related companies that drove the demand for new space have now crashed and disappeared. (Whereas Internet firms accounted for a full quarter of all new leases executed in Manhattan in early 2000, today they are the largest source of fresh vacancies.) Nonetheless, the real estate conversion process seems to have proceeded too far to be reversed.

Even amidst today's glut of vacated space available for release, there will be no return of industrial tenants in most places. Landlords now used to getting $35 per square foot will never accept the $8 to $15 rents most industrial users can afford, believes Jim Stein, a leading commercial broker at Cushman and Wakefield's New York offices. The Manhattan industrial buildings now deserted by the dot-coms have been so heavily upgraded there will be "no going back" to industrial uses, he predicts.

Ironically, there remain vast tracts of abandoned industrial buildings throughout New York, particularly along the waterfront. Many of these cry out for adaptive re-use, and getting them back into productivity—whether as residences, offices, or workshops—would be highly desirable. Unfortunately, New York's fractious neighborhood politics and gridlocked regulatory process have repeatedly blocked many proposed adaptations. And so the Brooklyn shoreline molders, while over in New Jersey construction cranes define the sky.

The budding struggle over redevelopment of the World Trade Center site encapsulates many of the issues discussed above. Ground Zero provides a rare opportunity to reinvent lower Manhattan, and parts of the broader city itself. Unfortunately, much of the initial focus has been on recreating the earlier paradigm of high-rise office buildings occupied primarily by large corporations. Large-scale incentives, financed by federal aid, are being offered to financial giants in order to keep the towers filled. "They are not talking about small businesses," complains Bowles of the Center for an Urban Future. "No one is talking about making the city, or lower Manhattan, a place that's good for growth companies."

This needs to change, and quickly. Ultimately, the "next" New York has to become a bit more like the rest of the country. In New York's archrival, Los Angeles, business activity is dispersing from a centralized downtown to numerous smaller, decentralized sub-locales (many of them self-governing as independent towns within the larger city) such as Pasadena, Glendale, Beverly Hills, West Los Angeles, Santa Monica, and Burbank. New York needs to become more multi-polar by encouraging thriving districts—including many in the outer boroughs—that have their own geographic centers, their own history and culture, their own workforces. These smaller localized centers will naturally enjoy a wider range of rent levels and local service options than are found in the official commercial districts in lower Manhattan and midtown.

"We need to look more at accommodating a small firm with 110 employees, rather than expecting large employers who are going to buy huge amounts of space," urges John Gilbert of Rudin Management, a leading Manhattan landlord controlling some 2 million square feet of space. This means a strong focus on maintaining basic city services, and on efficient regulation so start-ups and small companies aren't priced out of New York. Clean and safe cityscapes are important, as are good restaurants, shops, and festivals which make people want to live and work in the area. "You have to, first and foremost, make lower Manhattan livable," Gilbert says.

This will require a change in the city's consciousness, says Allison O'Rourke, president of the New York New Media Association. "There has to be an appreciation of the importance of entrepreneurial infrastructure," she urges. "The city has become so super-sized and dominated by a handful of giant corporations." The often-ignored reality is that New York's economy depends heavily on what happens to its smaller firms. Today, 89 percent of New York City companies have less than 20 employees, and in recent years small firms have created four to five times as many new jobs as big firms. City administrators must present a friendlier face to these small companies, and allow a more grassroots-based economy to grow.

In order to thrive in the future, New York City must find a way to blend its intrinsic strengths with a new sense of reality. It should forget about being the "capital of world," with the arrogance and massive white elephant projects (like the Twin Towers) that go along with that. Instead, Gotham needs to return to an earlier, more life-size version of itself, not only in lower Manhattan but throughout the city. Like any place in the digital age, New York can have a great future only if enough ambitious and talented people choose to be there instead of somewhere else. New York will remain great only if it continues to reinvent itself as a good place to live, and to work.

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A View From the South

By John Shelton Reed

How New York City looks from way, way outside Manhattan

In the days after September 11, when Americans were watching a lot of television, many of us heard a Texas man-in-the-street tell a network interviewer something like, "Being a Texan or New Yorker just isn't very important right now. We're all Americans." Soon after that, we heard about some South Carolina middle-school students who raised the money to buy a truck for some Brooklyn firefighters who lost theirs (along with seven comrades) at the World Trade Center.

What's going on here? Texans and South Carolinians playing kissy-face with *New York City*? Isn't New York the heart of Yankeedom? Isn't it the city Southerners love to *hate*?

"The sun rises on the Upper East Side and sets on the Upper West Side."

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Well, like other Americans in that great red Republican interior on the 2000 Presidential election map, many Southerners do think at least occasionally of New York City as the Great Wen, the cesspool of iniquity, home of everything alien and vile. It has been suggested, not entirely in jest, that the city's evolution vindicates the Confederacy. The bill of particulars has several components.

First of all, there's a lot for *everybody* to dislike about New York: the welfare culture, deranged street people, dysfunctional public schools, periodic brushes with bankruptcy, wack-job politicians—even many New Yorkers complain about this stuff (often while taking a perverse sort of pride in being able to cope with it).

But Southerners have had some special reasons to dislike New York, starting with the fact that it is simply the most *urban* corner of America. A good many Southerners have seen city life as bad for both morals and manners. When Thomas Jefferson

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celebrated individual ownership of land and the farming life as the only sound bases for culture and society, he was writing in what was already an old Southern tradition. The most eloquent statement of the Southern case against big cities probably came in 1930, with a manifesto by twelve Southern men of letters called *I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition*. More recently, Hank Williams Jr. has often put the sentiment to music: In "Dixie on My Mind," for example, he complains, "These people never smile or say a word / They're all too busy trying to make an extra dime."

The attacks have highlighted a different, less obnoxious kind of New Yorker, one many Southerners and other Americans find more sympathetic.

In addition, although this may be changing, many Southerners have also taken a dim view of New York for serving as the great reception center and repository for foreign immigration. Our Chambers of Commerce, after all, used to brag about our "native-born" labor force, and Atlanta Brave John Rocker of Macon, Georgia is not the only Southern boy who thinks Americans ought to speak English.

In general, ever since New York displaced Boston as the home of the ultra-Yankee, Southerners have tended to see whatever we dislike about Northerners as concentrated there. When we describe ourselves to pollsters as friendly, polite, hospitable, leisurely, traditional, conservative—well, it goes without saying who is *not* that way.

And what many of us *really* dislike about Northerners, and thus loathe in spades about New Yorkers, is their view of Southerners as yokels—if not as *Deliverance*-style Neanderthals. Wherever Northerners got their ideas of the South (and of course a Southerner wrote *Deliverance*), some of them have indeed been inclined to view us as a lesser breed. Consider Kirkpatrick Sale's scare-mongering 1975 book, *Power Shift: The Rise of the Southern Rim and Its Challenge to the Eastern Establishment*, which extrapolated from economic and demographic trends to project the sort of nightmare future in which Sale's Northeastern readers would have to choose between, say, a governor of Texas and a former senator from Tennessee for President. (One of the few pleasures of the 1992 Democratic convention for this Southerner was watching the expression on Mario Cuomo's face every time he said the word "Arkansas.")

I could go on, but the point is that there has been no love lost, in either direction, between New York City and the South. And in this, the South has merely been a 100-proof stand-in for places like Omaha, Idaho, Ohio, and many other parts of what some New Yorkers call "flyover country." We all know this, don't we?

But, of course, it hasn't been quite that simple. Southerners, like other American heartlanders, have always been of two minds about the city. Some have looked on New York and New Yorkers with admiration, occasionally envy. Most of us can find at least something to admire about the place and its people.

For decades, of course, New York looked pretty good to *black* Southerners. In the first half of the twentieth century, hundreds of thousands, especially from Georgia and the Carolinas, packed their worldly goods and box lunches and rode the Chickenbone Special out of the Jim Crow South, following the drinking gourd to seek a better life in Harlem and Bedford Stuyvesant.

Many whites joined this exodus, especially a certain type of young Southern intellectual for whom The City has always been where it's happening (whatever "it" may be). North Carolina's Thomas Wolfe set the pattern in the 1920s, and 40 years later Mississippi's Willie Morris epitomized it. Morris's wince-making memoir *New York Days* is awash in isn't-it-wonderful-that-I'm-a-part-of-you-New-York-New-York gush. Even as confident and self-aware an expat as Tom Wolfe the younger (the Virginian who pretty well peeled, cored, and sliced the Big Apple in *Bonfire of the Vanities*) once confessed, "I still find New York exciting, to tell the truth. It's not the easiest way to live in the world, but I still get a terrific kick out of riding down Park Avenue in a cab at 2:30 in the morning and seeing the glass buildings all around. I have a real cornball attitude towards it, I suppose, which I think only somebody born far away from there would still have."

Southern writers and artists have historically *had* to look north to New York, because that's pretty much where the literary and artistic action was. Yet arty folk aren't the only ones who have feared, deep down, that nothing signifies unless it is noticed on that thin sliver of asphalt stretching between the Hudson and the East River; plenty of hardheaded businesspeople feel the same. Atlanta, in particular, is full of the kind of strivers Tom Wolfe nailed in *A Man in Full*, for whom "the one thing they can't stand is the idea that somebody in New York might be calling them Southern hicks." (Houstonians, for some reason, don't have as bad a case of what the Australians call "cultural cringe": On the rare occasions when they think of New Yorkers at all, they're likely to feel sorry for them because they're not Texans.)

One might have thought that the South's astonishing economic development, the rise of Southern cities, and the end of *de jure* segregation—all of which have made the South more like New York—would make New York City less alluring to some, and less repugnant to others. Increasingly, Southerners don't have to leave home to find urban, cosmopolitan, polyglot settings. Now that we have our own street crime, pollution, and traffic problems, there should be less reason to feel superior. Now that we have our own operas and publishing houses and big-league sports, there would seem less reason to feel inferior. But we still think of New York as different, and, in some ways, special.

No matter where we grew up, few of us have entirely escaped

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the romance of The City. We know about the mean streets, sure, but we can't shake the image of Gene Kelly dancing in them. Thanks to *Mad* magazine and the *New Yorker*, to Irving Berlin and Hollywood, I knew about Wall Street and Madison Avenue and Broadway and Coney Island and Harlem long before I ever set foot in New York. I recognized that socialites lived on Park Avenue, bums in the Bowery, bohemians in Greenwich Village. I understood who worked on Wall Street, and Madison Avenue, and Broadway, and Tin Pan Alley.

To say that those who destroyed the Twin Towers attacked New York City is like calling an assault on Mount Rushmore an attack against South Dakota.

New York City is part of the mental furniture of all Americans, and—this is important—many of us think of the good things about New York as in some sense *ours*. We have proprietary feelings about the Metropolitan Opera, the Rockettes, the Statue of Liberty, and, yes, the World Trade Center. We feel attached to them whether we've seen them or not (and we may actually be more likely than the natives to have visited them). To say that those who destroyed the Twin Towers attacked New York City is like calling an assault on Mount Rushmore an attack on South Dakota.

But there's something more going on here. The aftermath of 9/11 reminded us that the New Yorkers we most often hear from are not the only people who live there. When Southerners and other outsiders dislike (or fawn on) "New Yorkers," the people they usually have in mind are the media and show business figures, politicians, business titans, and intellectuals we encounter on television—in short, "the people who run things": sophisticated, worldly, cosmopolitan (if you admire them); supercilious, smug, arrogant (if you don't).

These people are still there, of course, and they sure can grate. Shortly after September 11, I heard Fran Leibowitz making snide comments on NPR about President Bush's reference to the "folks" responsible for the attacks. She apparently had that word associated with hayrides. But many of these obnoxious figures have been uncharacteristically subdued since last fall, and the attacks have highlighted a different kind of New Yorker, one many Southerners and other Americans find more sympathetic.

There has always been more to New York City than the "people who run things." Ever since the heyday of Jacksonian Democracy, an on-again off-again alliance has existed between ordinary Southerners (that is, most of us) and New York's working people. After the Civil War and Reconstruction, this coalition was famously described as one of "rum, Romanism, and rebellion." Later, it elected Franklin Roosevelt to four terms. Later still, it reassembled to elect Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan.

Most Southerners who know New York (I lived there for five years) know that there's a kind of outer-borough New York guy (it's almost always a guy) we get along with just fine. He is working-class and usually Irish, Jewish, or Italian, but these days sometimes black or Latino. He is what historian Paul Fussell called a "high prole," largely defined by his skills and "pride and a conviction of independence." When Fussell identifies disdain for social climbing, fondness for hunting and gambling and sports, and unromantic attitudes toward women as his other traits, Southerners should recognize the Northern variety of what we used to call a "good old boy" (before the label escaped captivity and lost all precision). "A solid, reliable, unpretentious, stand-up, companionable, appropriately loose, joke-sharing feller," in the description of Roy Blount Jr.

The bond between Southerners and this kind of Northerner often does have to do with sports. Recall that "Broadway Joe" Namath of the New York Jets, the Pennsylvanian who became an archetypal New Yorker, launched his public persona as "Joe Willie" Namath of the Alabama Crimson Tide. (Namath even played a Confederate soldier in a seriously bad movie called *The Last Rebel.*)

Or consider Coach Frank McGuire, from St. Xavier High School and St. John's University in Queens, who steered the North Carolina Tar Heels to an undefeated season and a national championship, and later coached at South Carolina. The New York players McGuire recruited used to bemuse the locals with their habit of crossing themselves before foul shots. And then there's Coach Jimmy Valvano of North Carolina State University, another New Yorker who led a Southern team to a national championship and endeared himself even to fans of rival teams with his good-old-boy humor. (After his team blew a lead to lose to the arch-rival Tar Heels, Valvano claimed a fan wrote him "If you ever do that again, I'll come over and shoot your dog." Valvano said he wrote back saying he didn't have a dog and the man replied: "I'm sending you a dog. But don't get too attached to him.")

These are the kinds of New Yorkers we saw on television after September 11: policemen, firemen, rescue workers—ordinary folks. Their accents may have sounded funny to Southern ears, but they're our kind of Yankee: unpretentious, hard working when they have to be, offhandedly courageous. Mayor Giuliani may or may not be one of them by nature, but in that context he sure looked it, and most of us found him wholly admirable.

The post-9/11 fortitude and determination of New York's plain folk has led many of us to conclude that Tom Wolfe was wrong when, in one of his most famous essays, he described the stockcar racer Junior Johnson, from Ingle Hollow, Wilkes County, North Carolina, as "the last American hero." We have learned that there are some guys from places like Red Hook, Brooklyn, New York, who qualify as well.

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State of the Nation ...Part II

Our authors are

Karlyn Bowman

Patrick Buchanan

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Alan Berube

Jerry Hagstrom

In our last issue, we presented nine articles that used results from the 2000 census, and other hard data, to paint pictures of where our nation is heading demographically. Below are four essays that complete the collection.

The Last Decade From A to Z

By Karlyn Bowman

A. From 1990 to 2001, the proportion of Americans telling Gallup interviewers that **abortion** should be legal under any circumstances fell from 31 to 26 percent. Those stating it should be legal only under certain circumstances rose slightly from 53 to 56 percent. And respondents saying abortion should be illegal in all circumstances moved from 12 to 17 percent. The actual number of abortions carried out fell about 15 percent during the decade.

B. Bankruptcies rose sharply during the 1990s—due to liberalization of the law, relaxed credit-card requirements, and expansion of legalized gambling. The hot economy of the 1990s also encouraged lots of business start-ups, a number of which failed. In 1990, 725,000 individuals and businesses filed for bankruptcy; in 1999, 1.4 million did.

C. In 2000, 25 percent of Americans told Gallup they had smoked **cigarettes** in the past week, not much different from 1990 (27 percent). Back in 1971, though, 42 percent of adults lit up each week.

D. Support for the **death penalty** dropped from 76 percent in 1991 to a still robust 68 percent in 2000. The number of actual executions zig-zagged during the decade, from 23 in 1990 to 85 in 2000.

E. In **education** polling, local schools got a grade "A" or "B" from 51 percent of citizens last year (up from 41 percent in 1990). Fully 41 percent of Americans now say home schooling is good for the nation—up from 28 percent in 1988.

F. At the beginning of the decade, around 30 percent of women called themselves **feminists**. Today, slightly more than a quarter do. Women are now awarded a *majority* of all bachelor's and master's degrees, and nearly 40 percent of doctorates. In a 2001 poll, only a quarter of young women identified with the statement, "There are still many inequalities between the sexes and women need to continue to fight for their rights."

G. Although views of the federal **government** improved after the terrorist attacks on September 11, skepticism reigned throughout the 1990s. In September 2000, 50 percent of Americans told interviewers the government was doing too many things that should be left to individuals and businesses.

H. The proportion of the population that believes **homosexual relations** are always wrong declined from 76 percent in 1990 to 59 percent in 2000. There has been no corresponding change in acceptance of gay marriage, which only about a third of the public want legally sanctioned.

I. 13 million **immigrants** arrived in the U.S. during the 1990s, compared to 9 million in the 1980s. Nearly one U.S. resident in five now speaks a second language at home, most often Spanish.

J. Jeans are found in the wardrobe of 90 percent of men, and 73 percent wear them regularly—far more than the 56 percent who have a conservative business suit in their closets (which only 12 percent of men wear regularly). The Society of Human

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Resource Managers found a spectacular rise in the number of companies that allow casual dress (24 percent in 1992, 94 percent in 1999), but the trend may have peaked—there was a slight retreat in 2000 to 87 percent.

K. Larger **kitchens** and family rooms replaced formal dining rooms in many new homes in the '90s. Ninety-six percent of the public now have a microwave, 71 percent have an automatic coffee maker, 22 percent have a water filter for the sink, 20 percent have a home security system, and 55 percent have a home computer—more than double the number in 1993.

T. Travel time to work averaged 24 minutes in 2000. Contrary to claims from "sprawl" critics, only 14 percent of Americans have a commute that takes more than 30 minutes. More households own three cars today (19 percent) than own no cars (11 percent).

U. In 2000, 13.5 percent of the work force belonged to **unions**, down from 16 percent in 1990. Union strength is now concentrated in the government sector. Only one out of ten workers in the private sector is unionized.

V. Voter turnout edged up in the 2000 election for only the third time since 1960; 51 percent of the eligible electorate voted.

Women are now awarded a majority of all bachelor's and master's degrees, and nearly 40 percent of doctorates. So much for oppression.

L. Leisure is more widely available and affordable than in the past, and it appears to be more important to people. In 2000, 43 percent of respondents told pollsters that the purpose of work is to earn leisure time to pursue one's interests (this was up from 36 percent in 1991). In both years, about a third of all people said work was the important thing in life.

M. Married-couple families represented 53 percent of all households in the 2000 census, down from 56 percent in 1990. Among twelfth-graders surveyed in 2000 by the University of Michigan, 79 percent said they expected to marry in the long run (versus 77 percent in 1990).

N. As the age at which people marry has been rising, the portion of young women (20-24) who were **never married** skyrocketed from 36 percent in 1970 to 73 percent in 2000.

O. At the end of the decade, fully 33 percent of all births were **out of wedlock**, up from 28 percent in 1990. An astonishing 69 percent of all births to black women were non-marital, versus 26 percent for whites. These rates showed signs of slowing down during the 1990s.

P. Party identification among Americans changed little over the decade. Last year, 30 percent told Gallup they were Republicans and 34 percent called themselves Democrats. Among Republicans, 65 percent describe themselves as conservatives and 29 percent say they're moderates. Among Democrats, 25 percent call themselves conservatives, 47 percent moderates, and 28 percent liberals.

Q. The number of **questions** that had to be filled out on the long form of the 2000 census was a taxing 54 (versus 34 in 1990).

R. In 2000, 67 percent of the population owned their own **residences**. The average square footage of new single-family homes rose from 2,080 to 2,273 over the decade. According to *American Demographics* magazine, 6 percent of homeowners—about 6.4 million households—have a second house as well.

S. America is home to 31 million **senior citizens**. But how old is "old"? Respondents say "old" starts at 71 years of age, on average. The census' mid-range prediction for the number of centenarians in 2000—70,000 people—is almost double the 1990 number.

W. Work satisfaction is high in contemporary America—89 percent of employed people say they are very or moderately satisfied with the work they do. Over the last decade, new census data show the number of Americans working at home rose to a total of 4 million.

X. and **Y. Gen X and Gen Y** young people have different expectations about work than does the previous generation. Baby boomers told pollsters their top priority in a job was that it be secure and steady. Today's teens say they expect and look forward to changing jobs several times over the course of their lifetime.

Z. Almost **zero** homes today are without electricity (1 percent), indoor plumbing (0.5 percent), refrigeration (1 percent), or a telephone (3 percent).

Karlyn Bowman is TAE*'s Opinion Pulse editor.*

Will Immigration Kill the GOP?

By Pat Buchanan

For a quarter of a century, from 1968 until 1992, the Republican Party had a virtual lock on the U.S. Presidency. The "New Majority" created by Richard Nixon and replicated by Ronald Reagan gave the GOP five victories in six Presidential elections. The key to victory was to append to the Republican base two Democratic blocs: Northern Catholic ethnics and Southern white Protestants. These voters were lured from the New Deal coalition with appeals to patriotism, populism, and social conservatism. Success gave the GOP decisive margins in the industrial states and a "Solid South" that had been the base camp of the Democratic Party since Appomattox. This coalition proved almost unbeatable. What changed everything was the Immigration Act of 1965.

"Would it not be easier...for the government to dissolve the people and elect another?" quipped communist playwright

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Bertolt Brecht during the anti-Soviet riots in East Berlin in 1953. America has indeed begun to import a new electorate in the last 30 years, as Republicans cheerfully backed an immigration policy tilted to the Third World that enlarged the Democratic base and loosened the grip that Nixon and Reagan had given them on the Presidency of the United States.

In 1996, the GOP was rewarded. Six of the seven states with the largest numbers of immigrants (California, New York, Illinois, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Florida, and Texas) went for Clinton. Only Texas went for Dole. In 2000, five of the seven went for Gore and Florida was a dead heat. Of the 15 states with the most foreign-born, Bush lost ten. But of the ten states with the smallest shares of foreign-born (Montana, Mississippi, Wyoming, West Virginia, South Dakota, North Dakota, South Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee, and Arkansas) Bush swept all ten.

Among the states with the most immigrants, only Texas remains reliably Republican, but now it is going the way of California. In the 1990s, Texas took in 3.2 million new residents as the Hispanic share of the Lone Star State's population shot from 25 percent to 33 percent. Hispanics are now the major ethnic group in four of Texas's five biggest cities: Houston, Dallas, San Antonio, Austin, and El Paso. "Non-Hispanic Whites May Soon Be a Minority in Texas" announced a recent headline in the *New York Times*.

And America as a whole will soon go the way of California and Texas. "In 1960, the U.S. population was 89 percent white. [By 2020] the proportion of whites could fall as low as 61 percent," writes Peter Brimelow of *Forbes*. By 2050, Euro-Americans —the largest and most loyal share of the electorate the GOP has—will be a minority, due to an immigration policy championed by Republicans.

Hispanics are the fastest-growing segment of America's population. In 1980, they were 6 percent; by 1990, 9 percent; and in 2000, over 12 percent. "Hispanic fertility rates are quite a bit higher than the white or black population," says Jeffrey Passel, a demographer at the Urban Institute. At 35 million, Hispanics now equal African Americans in numbers, and are becoming nearly as Democratic in voting preferences.

In 1996, Clinton carried first-time Latino voters 91 percent to 6 percent. Aware that immigrants could give Democrats their own lock on the White House, Clinton's men worked relentlessly to naturalize them. In the year up to September 30, 1996, the Immigration and Naturalization Service swore in 1,045,000 immigrants as citizens so quickly that 80,000 with criminal records slipped by. Since 1996, more than 4 million new citizens have been minted.

California took a third of these new citizens. As non-Latino white registration fell in California by 100,000 in the 1990s, 1 million Latinos registered. Now 16 percent of the California electorate, Hispanics gave Gore the state with hundreds of thousands of votes to spare. With 55 electoral votes, California, home state of Nixon and Reagan, has become a killing field of the GOP.

Voting on referenda in California has also broken down along ethnic lines. In 1994, Hispanics, rallying under Mexican flags, opposed Proposition 187 to end welfare to illegals. In the 1996 California Civil Rights Initiative, Hispanics voted in favor of ethnic preferences. In 1998, Hispanics voted to keep bilingual education. On each of these issues, Anglo-Americans voted the other way.

A rising tide of immigration increases the demands on government and naturally shifts politics and power to the left. And it changes politics. The rapidly expanding share of the U.S. electorate that is of African and Hispanic ancestry has already caused the GOP to go silent on affirmative action and mute its calls for trimming social spending. As Hispanic immigration soars, and Hispanics become the swing vote in pivotal states, their agenda will become America's agenda. It is already happening. In 2000, an AFL-CIO that had opposed mass immigration reversed course and came out for amnesty for illegal aliens, hoping to sign up millions as dues-paying union members. And the Bush White House—in its policy decisions and appointments—has become acutely attentive to the Hispanic vote, often at the expense of conservative principles.

A rising tide of immigration naturally shifts politics and power to the left.

Except for refugees from communist countries like Hungary and Cuba, immigrants gravitate to the party of government. The obvious reason: Immigrants get more out of government—in free schooling for their kids, housing subsidies, health care—than they pay in. Arriving poor, most immigrants do not soon amass capital gains, estates, or incomes that can be federally taxed. Why should immigrants support a Republican party that cuts taxes they don't pay over a Democratic party that will expand the programs on which they do depend?

Since Ellis Island, the Democratic Party has been the first stop for immigrants. Only after they have begun to move into the middle class do the foreign-born begin to convert to Republicanism. This can take two generations. By naturalizing and registering as many as a million foreign-born a year, Democrats are locking up future Presidential elections and throwing away the key. If the GOP does not do something about mass immigration, mass immigration will do something about the GOP: turn it into a permanent minority.

Pat Buchanan is author of The Death of the West *and other books.*

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Cities Rebound—Somewhat

By Bruce Katz and Alan Berube

Cities may be recovering, but the 2000 census still showed suburbs of America's largest cities growing twice as fast as central cities.

The release of the 2000 census results created an almost euphoric mood among many longtime observers of American cities. Cities long left for dead actually registered population gains. New York topped 8 million people for the first time in history. With many refurbished downtowns providing visible signs of prosperity, and immigrants spurring neighborhood revitalization, cities are now enjoying a hard-won optimism.

A closer look at the data, however, shows that the dominant U.S. population trend continues to be a decentralization of economic and residential life—not a return to core cities. While many cities have recovered from their nadirs, most continue to lose ground to their suburbs, and rapidly developing new communities on the far fringes of metro areas are capturing the lion's share of the nation's new employment and population growth.

Specifically, the 2000 census shows that the suburbs of America's 100 largest metro areas grew more than *twice* as fast as their central cities during the 1990s. This pattern held for all types of cities, whether the total population was falling, stagnating, or growing. Philadelphia lost 68,000 people in the 1990s; its metropolitan area grew by 179,000. Atlanta, often touted as a "turnaround city," gained 23,000 people in the 1990s; its surrounding area grew by 1.1 million. Even booming sunbelt cities like Phoenix, Dallas, and Houston grew more slowly than their suburbs.

There were some stark regional differences. The fastest-growing cities in the 1990s were in the West—their combined population rose by over 15 percent during the decade, though that still lagged behind the growth of their suburbs (21 percent). The fastest-expanding suburbs were in the South—suburban population in the region zoomed up 26 percent during the decade, far outpacing the growth in Southern cities (11 percent).

Northeastern and Midwestern cities grew much more slowly, and many actually suffered declines. Yet their suburbs still prospered. While the cities of the Midwest netted a collective population increase of only 186,000 people over the decade (with nearly half showing declines), their suburbs gained 2.9 million new residents. And while New York and Boston showed significant population gains, fully two thirds of Northeastern cities lost residents in the 1990s. The fastest-growing metropolitan areas in the Northeast were in central and southern New Jersey, places entirely suburban in character.

Amid these differing regional patterns of growth and decline, all types of households—in all parts of the country—are choosing suburbs over cities. Suburbs attracted even childless and single-person households faster than cities did. Many immigrants are now bypassing cities altogether in favor of suburbia. Racial and ethnic minorities currently make up more than a quarter of suburban populations, up from 19 percent in 1990.

As people go, so do jobs. Suburbs are no longer just bedroom communities for workers commuting to traditional downtowns. Rather, many are now strong employment centers serving a variety of economic functions for their regions. In our 100 largest metro areas, only 22 percent of all people work within three miles of the city center. In cities like Chicago, Atlanta, and Detroit more than 60 percent of the regional employment is now located more than 10 miles from the city center.

And cities continue to house the nation's very poor. Urban poverty rates, though falling, remain twice as high as suburban poverty rates. Distressed cities like Baltimore, Richmond, and St. Louis continue to be burdened with heavy welfare caseloads.

These trends suggest that the competitive strategies many cities pursued in order to bolster themselves during the 1990s—like stadium building, hotel construction, downtown revitalization—are not the ticket to economic vitality. The "basics"—good schools, safe streets, competitive taxes, efficient services, a functioning real-estate market—determine where businesses invest and where people choose to live. And in America's cities, especially those in the Northeast and Midwest, which continue to lose families, the "basics" still need fixing.

Yet city-only solutions will not suffice. Federal and state transportation, tax, and regulatory policies have given impetus to people's choices to move further and further away from the hearts of metropolises, while federal housing policy has served to concentrate poverty rather than enhance access to opportunity. If urban revitalization is to be real and sustained, cities must be part of larger efforts to slow decentralization and promote urban reinvestment.

Ironically, many suburbs are already leading calls for such reform. Older suburbs in the Northeast and Midwest are facing some of the same challenges that cities have struggled with for decades. Rapidly developing suburbs in every part of the country are finding that sudden growth has come with the heavy, unanticipated price of traffic congestion and overcrowded schools.

In short, urban policy cannot be just about cities. By forging new alliances with their surrounding suburbs, on issues from infrastructure spending and regional governance to reinvestment and affordable housing, cities must look beyond their own borders—and think and act truly metropolitan.

Bruce Katz and Alan Berube are founding director and senior research analyst, respectively, at the Brookings Institution's Center on Urban and Metropolitan Policy.

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Rural Politics Tip the Balance

By Jerry Hagstrom

Rural America, often described by urbanites as uniformly white, middle class, and conservative, is in fact much more complex. The northern and southern Plains, the Corn Belt, the Rockies, Appalachia, the Deep South, small town New England, the Southwest, and the interior of California all have their own peculiar geographical, historical, racial, ethnic, economic, and religious characteristics. But these rural areas also share many common characteristics, including some that can provoke contradictory voting patterns. In general, rural Americans are more culturally conservative than urbanites, but they also have lower incomes and are more dependent on the federal government.

Take North Dakota and South Dakota. They have backed a Republican for President every year since 1968, and in the early 1980s both states were represented in the Senate by two Republicans. But in 1986, voters in North Dakota threw out Republican Senator Mark Andrews in favor of Kent Konrad, and South Dakota voters replaced James Abdnor with Tom Daschle. These and other elections of Democrats in western and southern states allowed the Democrats to take control of the Senate that year. The main issue behind the turnover was a farm crisis. Despite their conservative leanings, enough rural citizens will vote the Democratic ticket out of economic self-interest to make a difference in an election.

Parts of rural America are under pressure from agricultural mechanization, low commodity prices that stem partly from increased international competition, and a shortage of economic alternatives to agriculture. The 2000 census showed the country's biggest population drops occurring in agricultural counties in the Plains region that stretches from the Dakotas and Minnesota south to Texas. One of the most successful economic adaptations in these areas has been plentiful and inexpensive college education—so each year, the universities of the Plains region export thousands of graduates to nearby cities and the coasts. As a result, population declines in the rural Midwest have not been as traumatic for individuals as they have been for communities.

As Karl Stauber, president of the Northwest Area Foundation in St. Paul, Minnesota has written, "The middle class are leaving many parts of rural America, particularly the isolated and low-amenity, resource-dependent areas. They are leaving because they cannot find the opportunity they want to support their families. Many don't want to leave. They want to stay for moral and cultural reasons—small towns are a great place to raise kids, they can count on their neighbors to help, they are part of a community. Without the middle class, rural America will become the involuntary home of the poor and the chosen home of the pleasure seekers, producing a rural ghetto and a rural playground."

The fierce desire of middle-class rural Americans to maintain their communities often results in contradictory political attitudes. Farmers, long-time supporters of free trade, are increasingly concerned that new trade agreements may allow other countries to send more products to the U.S. than they are allowed to export abroad. Almost all Republican members from rural areas voted this fall to grant President Bush trade negotiating authority, but most rural Democrats voted against it, and for southern rural Republicans with textile interests it was a hard vote that could make re-election difficult.

The economic problems of rural America have also made it nearly impossible for the Republican Party to eliminate farm subsidies. Republicans have long resisted farm subsidies as a waste of taxpayer money and an interference in free markets, but their razor-thin majority in the House of Representatives now depends on re-election of members from Plains and southern districts that produce commodities like wheat, corn, cotton, rice, and peanuts.

Each year, the universities of the Plains region export thousands of graduates to nearby cities and the coasts.

After the 1990 and the 2000 censuses, northern cities lost congressional districts while many new congressional districts were created in the South and West in areas that are combinations of farmland and suburbs. Thus, a case can be made that even while agriculture becomes a smaller and smaller portion of our economy, the number of congressional districts in which agriculture is a factor has grown. At this point, most rural congressional districts are represented by Republicans. The exceptions are the southern districts represented by black Democrats and the odd district where a combination of factors leads to the election of a Democrat.

Clinton administration appointees in the U.S. Department of Agriculture were furious with the 2000 Gore election team for initially ignoring rural America. They organized themselves as teams to campaign in rural areas of critical states. Steve Crawford, a Democratic aide in the Pennsylvania state legislature, claims this effort delivered Pennsylvania for Gore by targeting the state's rural north (which generally votes Republican) with assurances that Gore would, for instance, avoid taking hunting weapons away from them. Democrats hadn't even hoped to win many rural areas, but they did reduce the GOP's share of the vote—allowing urban totals to swing the state in their direction.

Jerry Hagstrom is a contributing editor to the National Journal *Group.*

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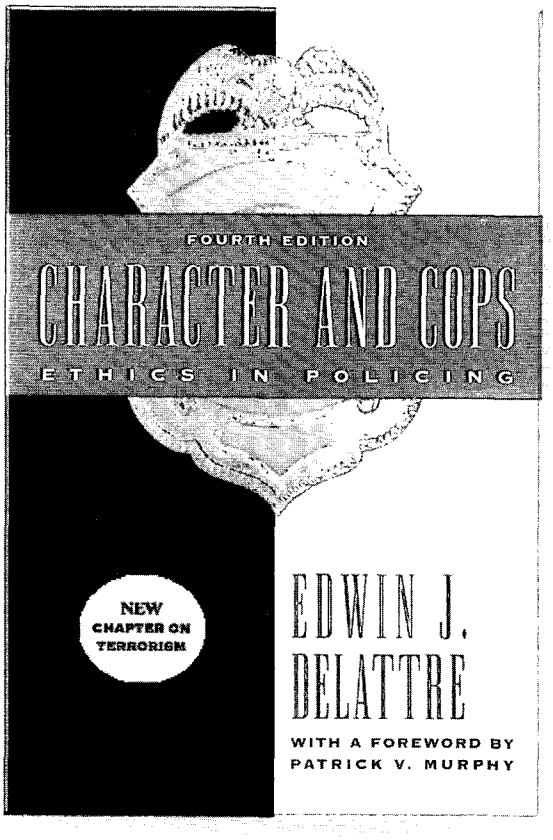

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South America's Drug-Terror Link

By Michael Catanzaro

While our nation remains focused on terror threats and oil stoppages from the Middle East, both of those threats have recently emerged much closer to home, in South America.

After the September 11 attacks, Reuters news agency obtained a tape recording of a Colombian guerrilla leader's plans to attack Americans. He promised "to combat them wherever they may be, until we get to their own territory, to make them feel the pain which they have inflicted on other peoples." So vowed Jorge Briceno, a leader of the Marxist Fuerzas Armadas Revolucionarias de Colombia, known as FARC.

Briceno, who celebrated the 9/11 attacks, urged his followers "to take away their economic resources from them by any means in order to defeat them. Reach out to North Americans who are unhappy and organize them. Reach out to black North Americans and make them see how they are discriminated against."

In a House of Representatives committee hearing, Representative Cass Ballenger (R-NC) warned that FARC leader Manuel Marulanda has threatened to "hit American targets," particularly U.S. military units engaged in the war against drug production in South America.

Colombia is the most abundant source of cocaine and heroin in North America. FARC, along with other paramilitary groups fighting for control of Colombia, provides protection to farmers who grow coca and poppies, and finances its revolutionary operations through drug sales.

Through murder, kidnapping, and intimidation, FARC has enacted a reign of terror throughout Colombia, where it has murdered 13 Americans since 1980 and kidnapped over a hundred more. Experts believe FARC terrorism could spill onto American soil. "There's no reason we shouldn't take this threat seriously," said a GOP aide who handles U.S.-Colombian relations. "The FARC, through its networks, can distribute cocaine right into Washington, D.C. They certainly could use that network to attack our cities."

FARC is cited on the State Department's list of terrorist organizations, along with al-Qaeda and other groups hostile to the U.S. In fact, State Department officials are exploring possible links between FARC and Middle Eastern terror groups.

There have been unconfirmed reports that some FARC members were trained in bin Laden's Afghan camps, and congressional investigators have explored possible links between South American narcotics groups and the Taliban, which controlled Afghanistan when it grew nearly three fourths of the world's heroin.

Over the last decade, Colombia has undeniably become a terrorist proving ground. A Switzerland-sized area under FARC control, known as the *Zona Despoja*, is believed to be a safe haven for training terrorists and drug traffickers. Colombian government officials have confirmed that the Islamic extremist groups Hamas and Hezbollah have established Colombian offices and are collaborating with FARC. They have already attacked Israeli and American targets in South America. Last year, the Colombian National Police also arrested three members of the Provisional Irish Republican Army said to train FARC members in the use of explosives and "urban terrorism."

Such activities are spreading beyond Colombia into Argentina, Brazil, and Paraguay, where other cells of Hezbollah, Hamas, El Gamma Iji, Islamic Jihad, and al-Qaeda apparently operate. The groups are busy proselytizing among South America's expatriate Middle Eastern population. South America's wild areas under the control of drug lords provide convenient cover for terrorist money laundering, document forgery, and weapons smuggling.

Ballenger believes that profits from drug sales "are sent directly to the Middle East to support the operation of terrorist organizations, possibly even the planning of terrorist acts. I have no doubt that funds raised in the area have made it to the pockets of al-Qaeda and Osama bin Laden. Americans must recognize that every time they buy cocaine or heroin, they are directly funding terrorists."

Meanwhile, Venezuela's pro-Castro president Hugo Chavez has been making strong anti-American noises of his own. He and his supporters have disrupted Venezuela's oil industry to the point where exports to the U.S. have been obstructed—at a time when Saddam Hussein is withholding oil in solidarity with Palestinian suicide terrorists.

Anti-Americanism, including terrorism, is a threat we must guard against right here in our own hemisphere.

Mike Catanzaro writes from Alexandria, Va.

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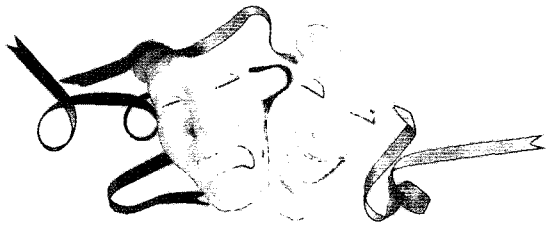
Flashback

To know nothing of what happened before you were born is to remain ever a child—Cicero



New York's Opera House Brawl

"Riot," as punk rocker Chaz Ruffino once observed, is at the heart of "patriotism." Which is apparently why the B'hoys, the legendary nineteenth-century New York City gang of the Bowery, tore up the city's toniest opera house 153 years ago in a melee that left 22 dead and 48 injured. Never again has the American stage known such an exuberant outburst of patriotism.

The riot was the bloody result of a great theatrical rivalry between the American actor Edwin Forrest and the English ham William C. Macready.

Forrest was athletic and unsubtle, known for somersaults and fervent portrayals of Indians. He was also a cultural patriot who sponsored an annual playwriting contest for Americans and tirelessly promoted the native theater.

Forrest got it in his head that he would cross the ocean and show London a thing or two about acting. His friends warned against the trip. James Kirke Paulding said, "Washington never went to Europe to gain immortality. Jackson never went there to extend his fame. Why should you? Stay here, and build yourself an enduring place in the mind of your own country alone. This is enough for any man!"

Forrest went anyway. English critics were suitably impressed. The *Examiner* mocked Forrest's Richard III as "looking like a savage newly caught from out of the American backwoods." The English thespian Macready was not amused by this crude American's foray into Shakespeare's backsward.

Macready and Forrest toured each other's countries with public cordiality even as Macready lacerated the American in private. Forrest, Macready wrote in his diary, had "no imagination, no original thought, no poetry at all in his acting." He did not "understand Shakespeare. *He is not an artist.* Let him be an American actor—and a great American actor—but keep him on [his] side of the Atlantic."

When Forrest finally caught on to the Englishman's perfidy, he erupted. In 1846, he hissed loudly from his box during Macready's mincing performance of Hamlet. "The low-minded ruffian!" whined the appalled Macready.

Over the next three years, the actors traded insults across the Atlantic. When Macready toured the colonies, American audiences greeted him with jeers and rotten eggs. In Cincinnati, one inventive spectator hurled a sheep carcass onstage during Macready's Hamlet. The English actor came to despise Americans as uncouth ignoramuses whose tastes had been coarsened by Forrest's physicality.

In May 1849, the rivals scheduled dueling MacBeths in Manhattan. Fittingly, Macready's production was at the swank Astor Place Opera House, whose dress code—"freshly shaven faces, evening dress, fresh waistcoats, and kid gloves"—reeked of prissy Anglophilia.

Forrest's fan club included the B'hoys—Irish and German working-class toughs who swilled beer, sang and dressed loudly, detested the English and all aristocrats, and popularized such slang as "so long," "going on a bender," and "kick the bucket."

On May 7, the B'hoys bought their way into Astor Place and disrupted Macready's MacBeth with a hail of vegetables and chairs while drunkenly bellowing "Three groans for the English bulldog!"

A committee of notable New Yorkers issued a public apology to Macready and begged him not to break off the *MacBeth* engagement. In response, the unrepentant B'hoys and other dirty-fingernailed patriots circulated handbills asking: WORKINGMEN: SHALL AMERICANS OR ENGLISH RULE IN THIS CITY? Macready returned to the Astor stage on May 10. He can't say he wasn't warned.

When police arrested three disruptive B'hoys in the audience, all hell broke loose. Bricks crashed through the windows. The chandelier shattered. The audience fled, though Macready, in his finest hour, gamely finished the performance to an almost empty theater. "I flung my whole soul into every word I uttered, acting my very best," he said with characteristic immodesty.

Outside the Astor, bayonet-wielding infantrymen were pelted with rocks. A general gave the order to fire muskets; his instruction, "Don't hit above the legs!" was either not heard or disobeyed. Though many soldiers refused to fire on fellow Americans, enough did. Twenty-two amateur theater critics lay dead in the street. Macready sailed for home. Forrest was soon sullied by a messy and very public divorce. The opera house, now tagged "DisAster Place," eventually closed. Mannered English actors continued to invade our country, and in time they were showered with Oscars and Tonys instead of eggs and tomatoes.

—Bill Kauffman

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Good, Clean, and Fun (So What Are You Waiting For?)

Have you taken your family to see *The Rookie* yet?

If not, you're missing out on what's pretty much an endangered species at the movies: a G-rated family film that's light on sap, heavy on warmth, humor, and common sense, and doesn't feature characters who began life in some animator's sketchbook. Usually, families looking for harmless, non-cartoon entertainment have to accept talking animals or insipid, hyperactive "adventures," such as today's *Clockstoppers*. But here's some good, clean fun that's actually good and fun.

Based on the life of former Tampa Bay Devil Ray Jim Morris, played here by Dennis Quaid, *The Rookie* dramatizes Morris's career from his days as a high school science teacher and baseball coach in a tiny Texas town to his successful Major League Baseball tryout at the ripe old age of 35.

Directed by Texas native John Lee Hancock with the burnished glow of a heartland sunset, the movie celebrates second chances and small-town life with an uncommon dignity and reserve.

The importance the film places on the concept of family is so heartfelt it's almost shocking—especially these days, when so many dramas strive to expose the supposedly sordid underbelly of middle-class life (the *American Beauty* syndrome). Right from the start, Morris's wife Lorri (Rachel Griffiths) and their three kids are shown to be an integral part of his life; dinners proceed amid a joyously raucous cacophony, while his son Hunter (Angus T. Jones) serves as the *de facto* assistant manager for his dad's high school ball club.

These bonds are put to the test when Morris signs with the Devil Rays; his dreams have come true, but at what cost? Instead of glorifying the bright lights of fame, the movie takes time to consider what road trips and long-distance relationships can do to an athlete's family. When Morris calls his wife in anguish one night wondering if he should come home for good, it's because he misses and wants to be with his family. Later, when Lorri brings the kids to a game against the nearby Texas Rangers, the way Morris eagerly reaches up from the bullpen just to get a touch of the people he loves is pure magic.

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Players and coach light up *The Rookie*.

If Morris's family feeling is treated with respect, so is middle America as a whole. The rural Texas town here—full of rusty silos and dusty front yards, all given a rough-edged charm by Hancock's camera—isn't populated with Hollywood's usual set of local yokels. Instead, these are real, everyday people who are more concerned with how far their high school baseball team can go in the playoffs than with the latest dot-com trends. When Morris's neighbors surround him with cheers after the Rangers game, there is effusive warmth and irresistible joy.

The Rookie has artistry too, something that's all too often missing from family films. Hancock uses every inch of the screen to capture the Texas landscape and the action; when Morris pitches, he's in one far corner of the screen and the catcher is all the way in the other, with the wide blue sky stretching out in between. Quaid, meanwhile, brings just enough grit to his performance to keep Morris from becoming a goody-goody. This isn't a perfect dad—when he sneaks his three kids to the Devil Rays tryout, his attempt to change his baby's diaper between workouts is a comic flouting of responsibility—but he is a loving one, whether he's a major leaguer or not.

The Rookie is a Disney picture, but it arrived with considerably less fanfare than fellow Mouse House product *Pearl Harbor*. Studios think they know how to sell loud, garish junk, and unassuming films leave them confused. With no omnipresent marketing campaign to ensure that every American has heard of *The Rookie*, the movie's success has depended on wise reviews, the patience of theater owners, and positive word of mouth. The latter element—a modest form of publicity for a modest film—is where you come in. Just as you shouldn't complain about who's in office if you don't vote, you shouldn't bemoan Hollywood's infantile offerings if you don't support the rare G-rated movies that get things right.

This is a good one. —Josh Larsen

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Beat the Press

The hand that rules the press...rules the country—Judge Learned Hand

The Decline and Fall of TV Network News

Television news has had a pretty rough 2002 so far.

The "Nightline" brush with death at the hands of Dave Letterman didn't exactly make me want to slap a "Save Ted Koppel's $8-Million-a-Year Job" bumper sticker on my car. Koppel can sometimes be very good, but so was the corner candy store of my youth, which the free market ripped up like Dorothy's house in *The Wizard of Oz*. The truth is, Koppel is overrated. His ratings dipped not so much because Americans lost interest in hard news but because Mr. Koppel grew tired of working hard to provide it. He now refuses to do more than three shows per week, and he has decided (in a business in perpetual competition with three live all-news networks) that he doesn't want to do his program live any more, taping most of the shows earlier in the day instead.

Still, Koppel's show is high art compared to the recently aired ABC News program "Rosie's Story: For the Sake of the Children." The two-hour ABC News Primetime Live special on O'Donnell's decision to reveal her lesbianism (a fact that even an antique, Soviet-issue gaydar could have picked up long since) will be hard to beat as the decade's most shameless journalistic puffball. Prostitution is almost too kind a word for this French-like surrender of the ABC News sharpies to O'Donnell's public relations campaign. Hookers at least earn money for their dirty work; this was mere sluttery.

O'Donnell insisted that she would not reveal her "open secret" unless the network agreed to do a lengthy and extremely sympathetic report on the plight of a homosexual couple in Florida trying to adopt a foster child. Most news organizations rightly refuse to allow interviewees to set conditions for an interview, let alone permit them to dictate the content of a major nationwide news special. Can anyone imagine that if Pat Robertson insisted ABC run a fawning profile of a pro-life Christian couple fighting to protect their daughter from an abortionist, ABC would say "You got it!"?

It is difficult to exaggerate the degree of dishonesty in "For the Sake of the Children." From its blithe suggestion that laws against gay adoption caused the current foster care problems to its cavalier smearing of opponents of gay adoption as antediluvian bigots, the show seemed dictated by a cabal of gay PR execs at O'Donnell's New York office. Oh yeah, Rosie's new book is coming out too.

All of which would be fine if the program wasn't presented as "news." ABC's "World News Tonight" and "Good Morning America," as well as ABC's local news affiliates, hyped the story as if it were a major piece of actual journalism. If ABC wants to air confessionals, lost puppies, and strip club "exposés" in prime time because they sell soap, fine. But don't call this stuff news. Call it infotainment, or human-interest, or whatever. News, it's not.

Passing off entertainment and subjective fluff pieces as news is a longstanding problem ABC should have dealt with ages ago. Recall when the network tried to bill Leonardo DiCaprio's Earth Day interview with Bill Clinton as a "news event"? After Disney bought 5 percent of Pets.com, "Good Morning America" invited the "Pets.com sock puppet" (as it was called throughout the broadcast) to spend the morning cavorting with Diane Sawyer—without ever disclosing the corporate relationship. And TV "journalists" wonder where their credibility went?

The reality is that there are very few respectable news reporters left on the "broadcast" networks—ABC, NBC, CBS, and Fox. The network news groups have soiled themselves by providing treacle and trash to attract viewers. Barbara Walters and other stars talk about their seriousness, and what tough interviewers they are. Really. Stop laughing.

So it's kind of touching that so many TV journalists reacted to the threat to Koppel as a kind of sacrilege. If "Nightline" isn't safe, the newscasters agonized, "is anyone in broadcast news?" This "First they came for Koppel..." formulation seemed to assuage the egos of countless lesser lights who desperately crave respect for their not-so-reputable business. You see, Mr. Koppel does Serious Journalism. He goes to the Congo. He exposes prison scandals. He begins follow-up questions with "Excuse me sir, that is not what you said under oath ..." as opposed to "Do you want a hug?"

The wailing about the importance and high quality of "Nightline" was highly exaggerated. But contrasted with the rest of the news shows on television, the show belongs on a marble pedestal. In the land of low standards, having any standards at all makes you king.

—Jonah Goldberg

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the Energy Economist

ANWR Oil: An Alternative to War Over Oil

By Walter J. Hickel

The Senate Democrats have stubbornly refused to allow any oil exploration along the rim of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR) in Alaska. Despite this latest vote, however, the issue is not going to go away. Given our continuing precarious dependence on overseas oil suppliers ranging from Saddam Hussein to the Saudis to Venezuela's Castro-clone Hugo Chavez, sensible Americans will continue to press Congress in the months and years ahead to unlock America's great Arctic energy storehouse.

I'm an Alaskan who believes the coastal plain of ANWR should be opened for intelligent exploration of its energy potential. ANWR is owned by all Americans. The very small portion of the refuge with oil potential can be explored and drilled without damaging the environment. At a time when America is dependent for vital energy supplies on overseas oil-producing countries, some of which are allied with terrorist groups, it makes no sense for us to ignore a region within our own borders that could supply up to a third of a *trillion* dollars worth of domestic energy—enough to replace completely all imports from Saudi Arabia or Iraq for a generation. There are already 171 million acres of land in Alaska fenced off for conservation and wilderness preservation. That's an area larger than the state of Texas.

ANWR's coastal plain, the only part of the refuge where oil is suspected to exist, is a flat and featureless wasteland that experiences some of the harshest weather conditions in the world. Temperatures drop to nearly -70°F. There are no forests or trees. At all.

For ten months a year, the plain is covered with snow and ice and is devoid of most living things. Then, for a few weeks, a carpet of lichen and tundra emerges from beneath the snow. During that brief period, the migratory Porcupine caribou herd (named for the Porcupine River), one of Alaska's 20 caribou herds, may graze and calve on the plain. The animals seek breezes from the Beaufort Sea to help them cope with the blizzard of mosquitoes that hatch with the spring.

In 2001, the Porcupine herd didn't calve on the coastal plain. It gave birth to its young many miles to the east, across the Canadian border. It calved in Canada the previous year as well. There is nothing magical about the area.

It's unlikely that exploration and drilling on the coastal plain will harm the caribou. Most biologists expect the animals will react to the presence of human activity the same way the Central Arctic herd adjusted to oil development at Prudhoe Bay (the region to the immediate west of ANWR's coastal plain). That herd has not only survived, but flourished. In 1977, as the Prudhoe region started delivering oil to America's southern 48 states, the Central Arctic caribou herd numbered 6,000; it has since grown to 27,128.

It is important to note that in the Arctic, oil drilling is restricted to the wintertime. And from early fall to early May, the Porcupine herd is not on the coastal plain at all. It roams south to the Porcupine Mountains and east into Canada.

It makes no sense to ignore a region within our own borders that could supply up to a third of a trillion *dollars worth of domestic energy—enough to replace completely all annual imports from Saudi Arabia.*

ANWR covers an enormous area—nearly as much as New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut combined. The most beautiful sections of ANWR—8 million acres—are federally mandated wilderness areas where the only tolerated human activity is hiking, backpacking, camping, and rafting. No motorized vehicles are permitted, and no development of any kind is allowed. This wilderness heart of ANWR includes the mountains of the Brooks Range. Journalists often use images of these mountains when describing the coastal plain region and its rich energy supplies, but the Brooks Range will not be touched by development.

When it set up ANWR, Congress recognized that the 1.5 million acre coastal plain possesses unique potential for large oil and gas reserves. It was stipulated that

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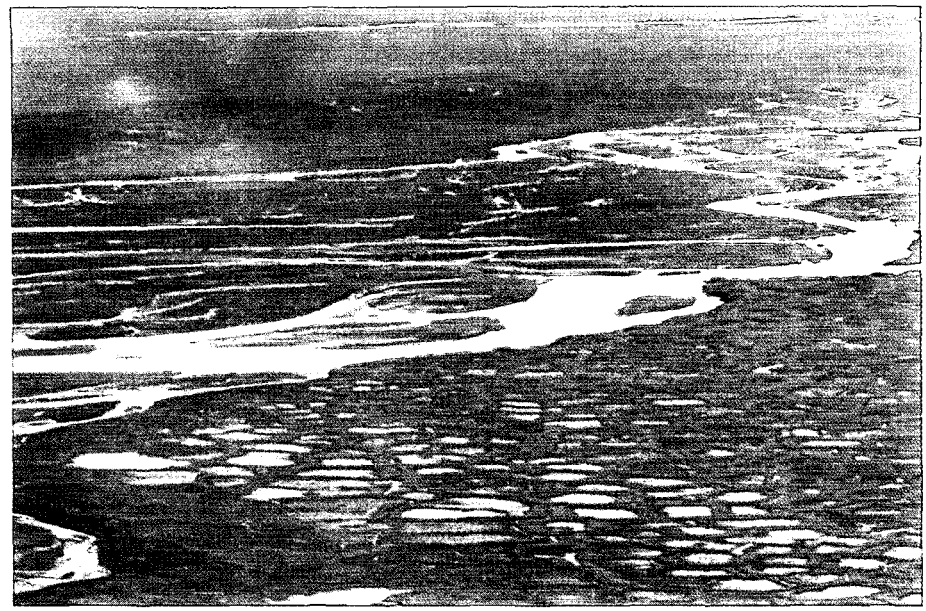
AP Photo/Al Grillo

Oil development would touch less than 2,000 acres in ANWR. Meanwhile, 171 million acres of land in Alaska are already fenced off for conservation and wilderness preservation.



ANWR's coastal plain on a good day.

these resources could be developed at any time if Congress so voted. As a result, scientists have studied this area for more than 20 years, and their work has produced estimates of recoverable oil ranging up to 16 billion barrels. Most of these scientists recommend that exploration be allowed.

To compare how much petroleum may lie beneath ANWR, consider that the entire rest of the U.S. contains 21 billion barrels of recoverable oil. The monetary value of ANWR's pumpable oil is projected by the U.S. Energy Information Agency to be between $125 billion and $350 billion. This doesn't even count the region's vast natural gas potential.

How much would an oil reservoir that size, just a few miles from the already-built-and-paid-for trans-Alaska pipeline, mean to America and our energy future? The government estimates the coastal plain could produce 600,000 to 1,900,000 barrels of oil per day. This new source of Alaskan oil could more than supplant all of our annual oil imports from Saudi Arabia or Iraq and ensure that the trans-Alaska oil pipeline would continue to deliver domestically produced energy to American consumers for decades to come.

I have visited many oil-producing regions throughout the world. The production techniques are often primitive and risky, both for the workers and the environment. The technology used in Alaska's Arctic to find and develop oil is the best in the world. When and if development takes place on the ANWR coastal plain, there will be little traceable disturbance. Seismic tests to locate the oil, and the actual drilling after that, will take place in the winter, using ice roads that will melt later. Small gravel drilling pads, only six acres in size, will be used to tap vast fields and will be removed when drilling is complete. Alaska's "North Slope" oil workers take pride in challenging visitors to find any trace of winter work activities after the snow melts.

If oil is discovered in ANWR, the size of the surface area disturbed will be dramatically less than when Prudhoe Bay was developed 30 years ago. Experts estimate that less than 2,000 acres will be touched—out of the 1.5 million acres on the coastal plain, and the 19 million acres in ANWR as a whole.

The opposition to opening ANWR "isn't really economic, humanitarian, or even environmental. It is spiritual," wrote a New York *Daily News* columnist. "If all the oil in the refuge could be neatly sucked up with a single straw, the naturalists would still oppose it because [to them] human activity in a pristine wilderness is, in itself, an act of desecration."

That is an extreme philosophical position. America's access to energy is a serious national security issue. Overdependence on foreign oil exposes us to energy blackmail and compromises our ability to protect our citizens and assist our friends in times of crisis. Our goal as Americans must be to produce as much energy as we can for ourselves. This need not undermine efforts to conserve energy nor undercut the push to discover alternate energy sources. We must extend the energy sources that are practical today, even as we pursue possible alternatives for the future.

Rather than shutting down the Alaska pipeline and our other Arctic oil infrastructure we should be linking them to the vast untapped resources that await us on ANWR's coastal plain. That will not only make America safer and stronger economically; it will provide the rest of the world with an environmentally responsible model of how to produce energy the right way.

Walter Hickel, former U.S. secretary of the interior, was twice governor of Alaska. This is adapted from his new book Crisis in the Commons: The Alaska Solution.

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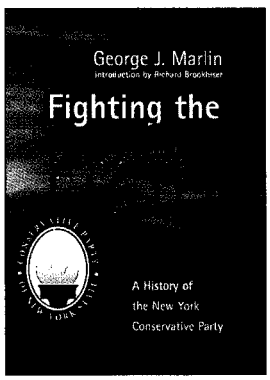
BookTalk

STOPPING HISTORY IN NEW YORK

By Karina Rollins

Fighting the Good Fight: A History of the New York Conservative Party
By George Marlin
St. Augustine's Press, 434 pages, $28



If the idea of a Conservative Party in New York, of all places, strikes you as a gutsy-but-futile attempt at fighting modern liberalism, George Marlin will set you straight. New York's Conservative Party, Marlin points out, is "the only legally recognized conservative political party in the nation," and it has redirected state and national politics to the right on numerous occasions. *Fighting the Good Fight: A History of the New York Conservative Party* is a diligently researched book that describes in fine detail how a dedicated group of traditional, steadfast Americans have achieved inspiring, against-all-odds triumphs over ravenous political machines.

Founded in 1962, the Conservative Party of New York aimed to save the Empire State from its Republican Party —dominated by liberal, big-spending RINOs (Republicans In Name Only), Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Senator Jacob Javits. Throughout the Conservative Party's history, Marlin says, it "has been the guardian of working-class New Yorkers, men and women who subscribe to the belief that to be good citizens it is essential to love family, neighborhood, country, and God, and just as important to respect an ethic of hard work."

References throughout the book make clear the importance that Conservative Party members place on faith and God-given rights in maintaining freedom and democracy. Marlin includes an entire chapter on the Conservative fight against abortion and libertine sexuality. *Fighting the Good Fight* is an unabashedly ideological book about an unabashedly ideological party. And without firm convictions the Conservative Party would never have been able to force New York's Republican Party to return to its principles, rather than being a Siamese twin to the Democratic Party.

How could an organized conservative movement have been born in what Marlin calls "the most left-wing city in the nation"? It was precisely because the Empire State had gone so overboard with tax-and-spend policies and scorn for traditional values that a Conservative Party became not just possible but desperately needed. As early party organizers put it in a statement of purpose: "Perhaps in no other state has the conservative voter been more completely disenfranchised."

The earliest members of the Conservative Party included co-founders J. Daniel Mahoney, Kieran O'Doherty, Charles Edison (son of Thomas), as well as William F. Buckley, Jr.

Buckley supported the nascent party in the pages of *National Review*, and in 1965 embarked on his famed run for mayor of New York City on the party's ballot, emphasizing the need for lower taxes, stricter crime-fighting measures, welfare reform, and clean air—issues which would become climactic in New York and national politics.

Marlin's behind-the-scenes account of Buckley's candidacy, and his quotations from conversations, memos, and speeches of the moment are the best part of the book, and make those of us born too late wistful for glory days missed. Then again, so detailed is Marlin's account—including vote tallies for every major election, names of local activists, background on every Conservative ticket wannabe, exact addresses and times of meetings—it sometimes feels like you *were* there.

In 1970, the Conservatives achieved their most stunning victory when James Buckley, Bill's brother, won his race for United States Senate on their party ticket. There were of course many others who stood up to the liberal Republican machine. Eventually, the Conservative Party, while small, came consistently to provide the margin of victory or defeat for Republicans. That made Conservative issues influential, and in the process produced a new, more hardheaded, GOP in the state.

George Marlin himself ran for mayor of New York as a Conservative in 1993. The GOP's candidate, Rudy Giuliani, proved to be imperfect, and, with his

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support of abortion rights and much of the homosexual agenda, not a soul mate of the Conservatives. Marlin and the Conservative Party admirably resisted Republican pressure to support Giuliani just because he was better than Democratic incumbent David Dinkins. But the otherwise gentlemanly Marlin falls short when, after the city-saving Giuliani years, he cannot bring himself to express appreciation and gratitude for the mayor's miraculous accomplishments.

The modern face of the Conservative Party is chairman Mike Long, ex-Marine, father of nine, small businessman, and consummate Brooklyn street-corner conservative. Honest, blunt, and dedicated, Long doesn't shrink from confronting neighborhood hoodlums, and was once shot for his trouble. Marlin offers him the highest praise, quoting G. K. Chesterton: "He [finds] himself filled with a supernatural courage that came from nowhere.... He did not think of himself as the representative of the corps of gentlemen.... But he did feel himself as the ambassador of all these common and kindly people in the street."

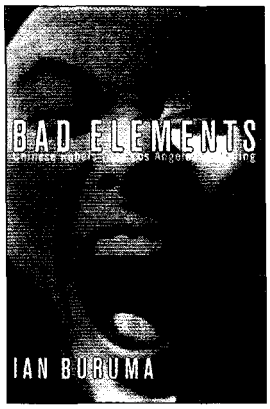
With its puzzling support for the big-spending, pro-choice Governor George Pataki, however, today's Conservative Party demonstrates that even a committed idealistic party is not immune to the forces of political corruption. But as the Conservatives proved in the early '60s, it's never too late to change course. The Conservative Party has accomplished much in the service of New Yorkers, and George Marlin's history is yet another labor of love from its ranks.

Karina Rollins is a TAE *senior editor.*

MAKING SENSE OF THE CHINESE

By Ying Ma

Bad Elements: Chinese Rebels from Los Angeles to Beijing
By Ian Buruma
Random House, 432 pages, $27.95



There is an idea, mostly propagated by Chinese authoritarian leaders, that China is unfit for democracy. Supposedly, the poor, uneducated Chinese masses simply aren't ready to be free. As Chinese president Jiang Zemin told the *New York Times* last July, democratization in China would lead to chaos.

The rulers of the repressive regime in Beijing also fan the sentiment that China —right or wrong—must be defended by Chinese everywhere, at all times. As a member of the National People's Congress once explained, "If you're Chinese, you should always stand with the Chinese people, not with the foreigners who attempt to weaken China."

This idea and this sentiment often join to project a powerful myth of an orderly, strong, and unified China. Which is very convenient for the Chinese government. When it arrests democracy activists, tortures peaceful religious protestors, purges reform-minded officials, or threatens overseas Chinese academic scholars, it invokes the myth: China needs to be ruled strongly, and must not be criticized. Even to ordinary Chinese people, the myth is often an intoxicating and irresistible concept. Chinese yuppies in Beijing and Shanghai who embrace economic reform turn their backs on persecuted religious believers and political dissidents, justifying their callousness with the "need for social stability." Overseas Chinese brand exiled dissidents "traitors" for shining a spotlight on China's human rights abuses.

"China," summarizes Ian Buruma in *Bad Elements: Chinese Rebels from Los Angeles to Beijing*, "is an orthodoxy, a dogma, which disguises politics as culture and nation as race." Buruma tells the stories of Chinese dissidents who challenged this orthodoxy. The tales reveal "the mesmerizing force of the Chinese myth, as well as the reasons why some people are brave or mad enough to challenge it." Through sacrifices in prison, hiding, or exile, these few men and women prove that freedom is not wholly alien to the Chinese soul.

Buruma talked to political and religious dissidents all across the Chinese-speaking world. He began in America, far from the gravitational pull of the Chinese orthodoxy, and ended in Beijing, the city he calls a "monument to its lies." He visited "other" Chinas such as Singapore and Taiwan, and went to Hong Kong, Shenzhen, and Guangzhou (vibrant economic centers on the Chinese periphery), and Lhasa in Tibet.

Some of Buruma's subjects have been hailed as heroes, martyrs, or freedom fighters. Others are nameless. Numerous Chinese dissidents are Christians who credit Christianity with providing the strength to defy authoritarianism. Almost all criticize a depressing and debilitating spiritual vacuum in China today.

The rebels are also plagued by an unmistakable sense of cultural self-loathing. Frustrated by the resilience of Chinese authoritarianism, many deride Chinese culture as "hypocritical" and "shameless." They believe that Chinese society has robbed people of the principles necessary for refuting official lies and living freely.

Buruma is at his best when comparing renegade opinions to the jingoistic, pro-government rhetoric mouthed by nationalists in China. He meets lonely activists among Singapore's predominantly Chinese electorate, largely content to accept political infringements in exchange for economic prosperity. He encounters plucky individuals determined to uphold Hong Kong's freedoms in the face of China's attempts to chip away at them. He meets triumphant Taiwanese activists who fought for democracy, defying the Chinese orthodoxy.

Unfortunately, Buruma uncovers few genuine dissenters within the Middle

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Kingdom itself. Inside mainland China, we encounter few important or interesting battlers (with the notable exception of liberal author He Qinglian). Buruma's subjects are mostly people who might best be categorized as unhappy citizens.

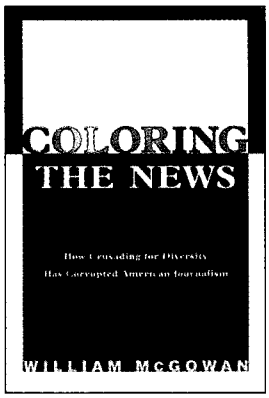
Principled activists within China's borders constitute the missing link in breaking down China's current anti-freedom orthodoxy. Until their battle cry is heard, all the noises made by Chinese freedom-fighters abroad, however inspirational, will ring hollow.

Ying Ma has worked on China-related issues in the U.S. government, non-profits, and the Chinese Internet industry.

SHADES OF TRUTH

By Clay Waters

Coloring the News: How Crusading for Diversity Has Corrupted American Journalism
By William McGowan
Encounter Books, 278 pages, $25.95



William McGowan's *Coloring the News* opens with the tale of Dr. Patrick Chavis, an affirmative-action poster boy thanks to a reverent 1995 profile by Nicholas Lemann in the *New York Times Magazine*. Chavis was a black man admitted to University of California medical school under a state program later ruled unconstitutional by the Supreme Court's Bakke decision. Lemann found Chavis working in a thriving ob-gyn practice in Compton. Updating the story two years later, McGowan finds that the poster boy has slid off the poster. "The Medical Board of California suspended his license to practice medicine, finding him guilty of gross negligence and incompetence in the cases of three patients—one of whom had died."

Coloring the News is the scholarly part of a recent one-two punch against the liberal media. Its moral companion is *Bias*, the indictment by former CBS News reporter Bernard Goldberg. [See the March issue for *TAE*'s interview with Goldberg.] While Goldberg's book received a respectful though negative review in the *New York Times*, the *Times* is apparently struggling to figure out how to respond to *Coloring the News*—which hits the paper hard. Although not as juicy as Goldberg's book, McGowan's measured tone is perhaps even more convincing of the corruption of reporting in favor of "diversity."

Coloring the News does have some fun moments. One is when *Times* editorial writer Brent Staples bemoans the racial composition of a series of bleak photographs of drug addicts by Eugene Richards that appeared in the Sunday *Times Magazine*. Staples asks: "Couldn't Mr. Richards have found a setting where most or at least half the drug addicts are white?"

McGowan also gives examples of the media's attempt to sanitize radical leftist groups. He cites media coverage of the Million Man March that fails to include Nation of Islam leader Lewis Farrakhan's wacky, numerology-laced address. He notes that network news viewers are shown only innocuous person-next-door types marching in Gay Pride parades, while viewers of the uncensored C-SPAN see that the real lineup includes topless lesbians and men in leather harnesses.

McGowan devotes an entire chapter to rigorous analysis of media reporting on immigration. He predicts that September 11 will force the press into catch-up coverage of the downside of mass illegal immigration. McGowan also wades fearlessly into issues of race, ethnicity, and crime, and uncovers cowardly reporters who will speak frankly only off the record or not at all. Journalists come off as careerist toadies, enthralled by what columnist Art Carey of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* terms "phony diversity, a cosmetic, Benetton advertisement vision of diversity, not a genuine diversity of intellects and ideas."

Coloring the News includes the first reporting I've seen between book covers on the Jesse Dirkhising murder. Dirkhising was the 13-year-old Arkansas boy sexually tortured and murdered by two homosexual men. The crime received very little press coverage—unlike the murder of the young homosexual Matthew Shepard in Wyoming. On a Nexis search, writer Andrew Sullivan found 3,007 reports of the Shepard killing; 46 for Dirkhising.

McGowan thinks that liberal media bias may actually harm liberal causes, partly because it gives liberals a false sense of confidence. The public outcry against President Clinton's gays-in-the-military proposal caught the new administration by surprise because the media, sensing nothing controversial, kept it out of view until Clinton made it policy. Meanwhile, the Internet, talk radio, and cable news have become countervailing conservative influences, reducing the clout of the mainstream press.

One quibble with the book is its occasional conflation of reporters and columnists. *New York Times* columnist Bob Herbert is, after all, paid to spout humorless liberal opinions. News reporters are supposed to be objective.

Still, this is a necessary book for anyone who knows the media is biased and wants to have specific examples at his fingertips. Every few pages of *Coloring the News* recount some forgotten cultural skirmish capable of enraging conservatives all over again, from the lunatic feminism that tinted the coverage of military pilots Kara Hultgreen and Carey Lohrenz to the cowardice that muddied reporting of the black attacks on Jews in Crown Heights. McGowan doesn't offer a way out, but his book is a galling, frustrating call to action.

Jersey City, N.J. resident Clay Waters was an editor for Bridge News Service.

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Needing a Win

By Blake Hurst

SYRACUSE, NEBRASKA—We drove the 60 miles home with tears of frustration running down Ben's face. He'd just lost two wrestling matches, and he was mad, and disappointed, and embarrassed. Ben is 15, a high school freshman, and a delightful kid, but his freshman season of wrestling has been difficult. No, it's been awful.

There are only four kids on his team, all underclassmen, so Julie and I, along with a contingent of about four other parents, one coach, and one cheerleader (the others quit) have been traveling around Iowa and Missouri and Nebraska this winter, watching our sons spend most of the season on their backs. I think it was Grantland Rice who said, and I'm paraphrasing here, that "the race doesn't always go to the swift, or the battle to the strong, but that's the way to bet." In adolescent wrestling, bet on the kid with hair on his legs.

While the cool kids all play basketball, Ben decided his future lay in wrestling. So he'll never know the excitement that surrounds high school hoops: No packed gyms with a full coterie of cheerleaders and pep band. No high school chorus starting contests with the national anthem. No big spread in the local paper (especially since the son of the guy who owns our newspaper shows every sign of being an outstanding shooting guard). For local wrestlers it's just sweat and empty gyms on Saturday afternoons, and trips home bearing the sting of another defeat at the hands of someone older, more experienced, and more athletic.

We suffer through four-hour tournaments, hoping the halt and lame of Rock Port, Stanberry, and Hopkins will be wrestling in the 152-pound class. Instead, every kid who shakes hands with Ben at the start of each match looks like he just stepped out of a commercial for home exercise equipment. Sometimes they pin Ben in seconds, sometimes he lasts the whole six minutes, and a few times he's won, but every match is exhausting.

Nobody ever told me that being a parent was so much work, and so confusing. How do you deal with the disappointment of your only son, who lifts weights three times a week, who practices for two hours every night, who studies the tapes of each match, who hasn't eaten a full meal in over two months in order to make his weight class? The truth is, we would really like him to pin some sucker from a neighboring town and spend a drive home with a happy kid.

Say what you will about the benefits of competition, the preparation for life that comes with difficulties, the satisfaction that comes from working hard toward a goal, the honor that comes from playing by the rules. When you're 15 none of these things can substitute for winning.

Parents of young athletes have been much in the news lately, and the stories always paint us in a bad light. It's said we're too wrapped up in our kids, too focused on winning, all suburban Mike Tysons ready to explode at any affront from opposing players, parents, coaches, or referees. I don't see that at all. What I see is parents so nervous they can hardly sit, so dedicated they drive hundreds of miles a week to practices and games, and concerned about winning only because they want what their kids want.

Say what you will about the benefits of competition, the lessons of coping with difficulty, the honor that comes in playing by the rules. When you're 15 none of these things can substitute for winning.

I myself don't particularly care about my son's won-lost record, or his wrestling future, or whether his team ever wins a meet. But he is working so hard, and wants to win so much, that I'd trade about anything to get him just a few successful outings.

I'll never confront a referee, although I've yelled at a few. And I'm sure Ben will always conduct himself honorably, because we demand it.

Having said all that, please forgive me for hoping that one of his future opponents sprains his ankle, or breaks up with his girlfriend the night before, or just has a bad day. Because Ben really, really, needs a win.

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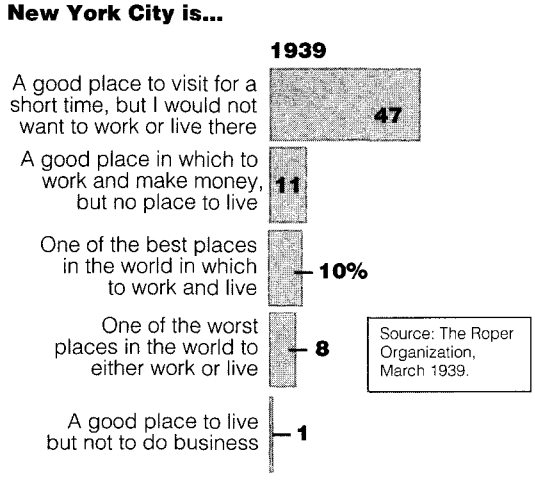
Opinion Pulse

Edited by Karlyn Bowman

New York City: A Nice Place to Visit, But...

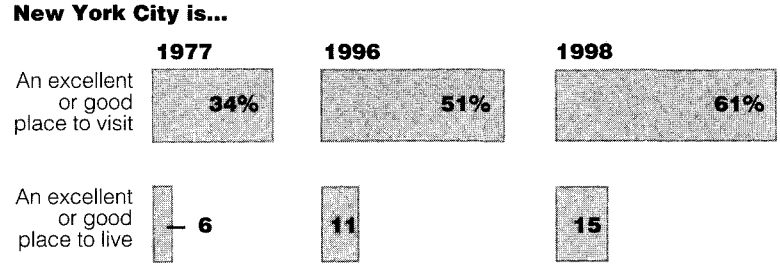
In 1939, a near majority of Americans told pollsters that New York City was a good place to visit, but they wouldn't want to live or work there. Interest in visiting dipped to 34 percent in the crime-ridden late 1970s. More recently, the portion that says New York City is a good place to visit is up sharply, but interest in living there still lags far behind. The way questions are worded affects responses about whether and how the World Trade Center complex should be rebuilt.

Question: With which of these statements do you come closest to agreeing...?



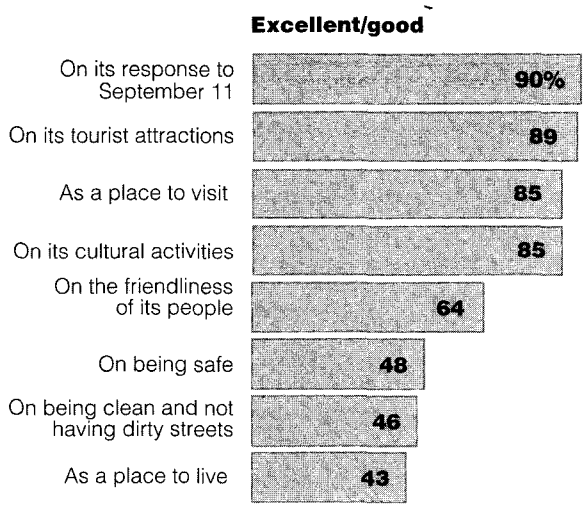
Source: The Roper Organization, March 1939.

Question: How would you rate New York City?



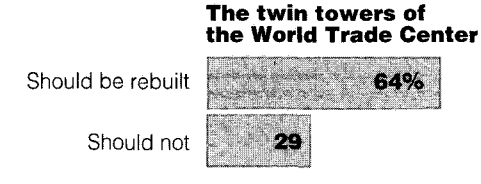
Source: CBS News/*New York Times*, July1977; CBS News, July1996 and March 1998.

Question: How would you rate New York City ...?



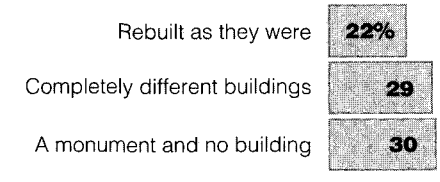
Source: Quinnipiac University, November-December 2001.

Question: Do you think ...?



Source: The Gallup Organization for CNN and *USA Today*, September 2001.

Question: Would you like to see the twin towers of the World Trade Center...?



Source: Opinion Dynamics/Fox News, November 2001.

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Views on National Service

In his State of the Union message, President George W. Bush called on every American to serve the country for two years, or 4,000 hours, over the course of a lifetime. Around 60 percent of the public favor a service requirement for young men. Fifty percent favor one for young women. Young people are less enthusiastic than their elders about such a service requirement. Rising numbers of college freshmen say they volunteer, perhaps because it is a requirement for many.

Question: Do you feel the following...is an obligation a citizen owes to the country?

	Very important	Somewhat important	Not important
Reporting a crime you may have witnessed	90%	7%	2%
Attending parent-teacher conferences	89	9	2
Voting in elections	87	10	3
Being able to speak and understand English	85	12	3
Serving in the military if drafted	76	13	10
Keeping fully informed about news/issues	73	24	2
Serving on a jury if called	73	23	3
Contributing to help the less fortunate	71	22	6
Protesting unjust public policies	61	22	12
Participating in town hall community decision making meetings	59	31	7
Participating in neighborhood associations	56	38	5
Volunteering some time to community services	**55**	**40**	**3**
Volunteering for the military	48	35	16

Source: Penn/Schoen/ Berland Associates for the Democratic Leadership Council, February 1999.

Question: Would you favor requiring...one year of service to the nation—either in the military forces or in non-military work here or abroad, such as the Peace Corps, Americorps, or in a local community or city service program?*

National Responses

	Require all young men		Require all young women
1969	78%	1976	41%
2002	61	2002	50

Note: *The 1969 and 1976 questions asked about VISTA and not Americorps. Source: The Gallup Organization (1969 and 1976), Princeton Survey Research Associates for the Pew Forum on Religion & Public Life, March 2002.

Question: Would you favor requiring...to give one year of service to the nation—either in military services or non-military work here or abroad, such as work in hospitals or with elderly people?

Responses of 13- to 17-year-olds

	Require all young men	Require all young women	Require all young Americans
1977	47%	38%	
1984	62	51	
1986	62	56	
1989	49	44	
1992	52	47	
2000			51%

Source: The Gallup Organization, latest that of 2000.

Question: Did you perform...in the past year?

College freshmen who performed volunteer work

1989	62%
2001	83

Performed community service as part of a class

2001	57

Source: Cooperative Institutional Research Program of the University of California at Los Angeles, latest that of 2001.

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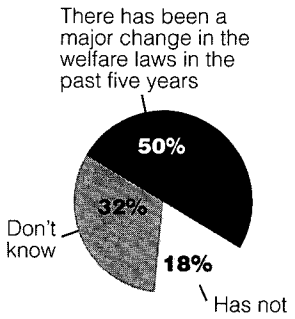
Reforming Welfare

Pollsters are exploring the public's view of the sweeping welfare law enacted in 1996. Not surprisingly, most people haven't followed it closely, but there seems to be a strong general impression that the system is working better. The most important reason is the new law's work requirement. On many issues surrounding welfare, attitudes of the poor and those on welfare are similar to those of the nation as a whole.

Question: To the best of your knowledge...?



Source: National Public Radio, the Kaiser Family Foundation, and Harvard University, January–February 2001.

Question: In 1996, welfare reform legislation was passed that made changes to the welfare system in America. In your view...?

	All respondents	Current/former welfare recipients
The current welfare system works better	46%	47%
Worse	17	27

Source: Survey by Princeton Survey Research Associates for the Pew Forum on Religion & Public Life, March 2002.

Question: Earlier in this survey you said that, all in all, the new welfare law is working well. There are many reasons people give for why they think the new law is working well. I'm going to read you a few of them. Please tell me whether each is a ...

Major reason the new welfare law is working well

	All respondents	Those in poverty
The law requires people to go to work	87%	75%
The law has substantially cut the welfare rolls	64	63
The welfare departments are doing more to help poor people	52	64
There is now less stigma attached to receiving welfare	28	42

Note: This question was asked of those who said the new law was working well. (53 percent of all respondents, 61 percent of the poor, defined as people with incomes of less than 100 percent of the poverty line.) When asked to give the *most* important reason, 64 percent of all respondents and 49 percent of the poor said it was because the law required people to go to work.
Source: National Public Radio, The Kaiser Family Foundation and Harvard University, January–February 2001.

Question: The number of Americans receiving public assistance has dropped significantly over the last few years. Do you think this is mainly because...?

	All respondents	Those in poverty
Changes in the welfare laws have forced more people to go to work	62%	73%
The strong economy has created lots of new jobs in the past few years	23	16

Note: Question above was asked of those who said there had been a major change in the welfare laws. (50 percent of all respondents, 54 percent of the poor, defined as people with incomes of less than 100 percent of the poverty line.)
Source: National Public Radio, The Kaiser Family Foundation and Harvard University, January–February 2001.

Question: Which is the bigger reason...?

American children are in poverty these days because of...

	All respondents	Current/former welfare recipients
Failure of parents as individuals	50%	44%
Social and economic problems	31	36

Source: Survey by Princeton Survey Research Associates for the Pew Forum on Religion & Public Life, March 2002.

More poll data on welfare reform appears on the AEI website (www.aei.org).

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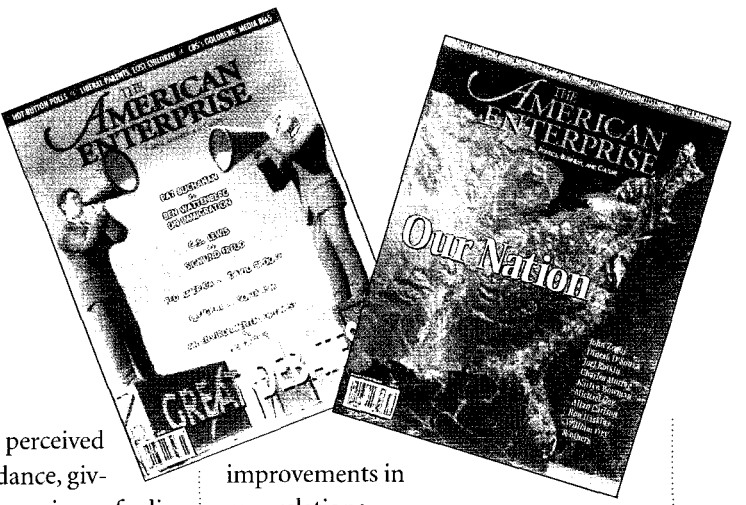
the Mail



Congratulations to Dinesh D'Souza for his article "What's So Great About America" (April/May). It was comprehensive and insightful. There is one niche worth filling in, however.

Mr. D'Souza marvels how Irish Catholics, Jews, British Protestants, and people of so many other faiths live in competitive harmony uner the American system of government. He might well have included Scottish Presbyterians.

In the churches which existed at the time of the American Revolution, a representative system of government with a division of power was unique to Presbyterianism. Scottish Presbyterians were very influential before, during, and after the Revolution. James Witherspoon, a Presbyterian preacher from Glasgow, headed Princeton University, signed the Declaration of Independence, and played a major role in the war.

There were two important conventions in 1789: One produced the American Constitution; the other revised the Scottish Presbyterian Book of Order for the American Presbyterian Church. The two documents are very similar.

James R. Breckenridge
Rockford, Illinois

The three authors of "Back Toward Orthodoxy," as well as Frederick Turner (TRANSCRIPT) (April/May), assert there is a sweeping movement in America toward increased religious devotion and "orthodoxy."

California-based religion researcher George Barna has conducted several surveys in the wake of September 11 and concludes that, despite a perceived increase in church attendance, giving, prayer, and other expressions of religious devotion, nothing has actually changed since the attacks.

A recent article in *The Christian Century* found that the wording of questions on church attendance made a substantial difference. The question: "Do you attend church regularly?" obtains a very high positive response, but the question, "Did you attend church last week?" results in many fewer positive answers.

Larry Schweikart
Department of History
University of Dayton

In "Bitter Harvest Ahead" (SCAN, April/May) you conclude that recipients of pork-barrel spending should think about the "longterm effects" of such spending on the nation. Pork helps the few at the expense of the many, but, paradoxically, legislators commit political suicide if they oppose pork.

The President of the United States, however, represents the entire nation. As a result, it is primarily the President's responsibility to veto pork whenever he has the opportunity.

Mark Davis
Kansas City, Kansas

OPINION PULSE (April/May) shows that the vast majority of blacks believe their income will improve over the next ten years, while whites are not as sure.

Maybe blacks are more hopeful since their incomes today are less than that of whites. Ditto for the optimism about improvements in race relations.

On the other hand, maybe blacks are really on an upswing. If the majority of the polled blacks were doing badly, it follows that more of them would be pessimistic about integration and racial harmony.

Patricia Boyle
Windsor Locks, Connecticut

In drawing his contrast between Blue America and Red America, Blake Hurst ("The Plains vs. The Atlantic," March) ignores the fact that some "blue" areas like Orange County, California (my former home) sometimes vote Republican, while rural states like Iowa often vote Democratic.

After the Catholic Church, the largest churches in Orange County are conservative Protestant mega-churches. Tucson, where I live now, is in a conservative "red" state, but it is far more liberal than Orange County.

Cynthia Curran
Tucson, Arizona

I loved Blake Hurst's take on Red America. I'm 67 and originally from Aldenville, Pennsylvania (population 637), and have never read a better description of life in small-town America. Never.

Please pass on my heartfelt thanks to Mr. Hurst. David Brooks does not know Red America.

Ray Rinaldi
Waymart, Pennsylvania

The American Enterprise welcomes your comments. Send to "The Mail," The American Enterprise, 1150 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Or fax to (202) 862-5867. Or e-mail tae@aei.org. Please include your address and phone number. Published letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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A world of ideas on public policy.

Pharmaceutical Profits and the Discovery of New Medicines

by F. M. Scherer

Since the late 1950s, when the Kefauver Committee investigated the business practices of U.S. pharmaceutical companies, representatives of that sector have argued that its profits are an important stimulus to, and source of funding for, research and development – which in turn leads to a stream of health-enhancing new products. Although the argument is plausible on its face, quantitative evidence on the robustness of the linkage has been scarce. This article reports the results of a recent data analysis that yields surprising new insights on the connection between pharmaceutical profits and innovation.

Profitability and investments in R&D can, in principle, be linked in three rather different ways. First, successful R&D leads, with long and variable lags, to new products, which, depending upon their reception in the market, can add greatly to company profits. Second, the profits earned by a company serve as a source of funds to support R&D investment, and some managers are known to set R&D budgets using rules of thumb emphasizing an indicator of current cash flow or sales. Third, managers' expectations of future profit opportunities can exert a demand-pull influence on R&D investment.

In a recent study, I analyzed R&D outlays and profits at the aggregated industry level, using U.S. Census Bureau data on pharmaceutical manufacturing plants' gross margins – i.e., the surplus of revenues over in-plant production costs available to cover R&D costs along with depreciation, marketing costs, central office costs, debt service costs, income taxes, and net profits.

The growth rate of the pharmaceutical sector's deflated gross margins was 4.23 percent per year – much lower than the 7.51 percent growth rate found for R&D outlays. The disparity of growth rates implies a likely slackening of R&D growth rates in the future. If R&D were covered solely by domestic gross margins, continuation of growth trends experienced since 1962 would mean that R&D outlays would exceed gross margins in 2025. To be sure, profits from overseas sales also help to repay R&D costs, but since the United States is the largest single market for U.S. drug companies' products, retardation of R&D growth rates seems likely in the long run.

> ***The degree of coincidence between gross profits and R&D investment over the past forty years is surprisingly close***

Both R&D investment and the pharmaceutical sector's gross margins exhibit long swings around their exponential time trend. But the degree of coincidence between gross profits and R&D investment over the past forty years is surprisingly close. The association becomes clear when one computes the percentage deviations of actual R&D outlays and gross margins from their trends and juxtaposes the resulting series. This comparison shows that deviations from trend values rise and fall in tandem, confirming the persistence of a robust pattern between R&D investment and gross industry profitability. The swings are so closely correlated that it would be implausible to infer a chain of causation running from R&D to profits, since lags of ten to fifteen years from peak R&D spending to peak profitability for new products are typical.

Sensitivity tests revealed that these patterns persist when domestic R&D outlays, a time series available beginning only in 1970, are substituted for worldwide R&D outlays, and when fringe benefit outlays, reported by the Census Bureau beginning only in 1967, are not deducted in calculating gross margins.

Combined with evidence that profit rates of return on R&D investments tend to exceed risk-adjusted capital costs by only modest amounts, the pattern suggests that pharmaceutical R&D is best described by a virtuous rent-seeking model. That is, as profit opportunities expand, firms compete to exploit them by increasing investments, primarily in R&D, until the increases in costs dissipate most, if not all, supranormal profit returns.

If this is a correct interpretation of drug companies' behavior, it has obvious implications for policy interventions aimed at reducing the pharmaceutical sector's prices and profits. If governments attempt to limit public healthcare spending by imposing price controls on the pharmaceutical sector and suppressing its profitability, they risk undermining the ability of drug companies to fund the lengthy and difficult process of discovering and developing new medicines.

F. M. Scherer is Aetna Professor of Public Policy Emeritus at Harvard University's Kennedy School of Government and a lecturer in public affairs at Princeton University. *This article is adapted from "The Link Between Gross Profitability and Pharmaceutical R&D Spending," in* Health Affairs *(September/October 2001), pp. 216-220. The full article is available online at http://www.healthaffairs.org/archives_library.htm.*

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